

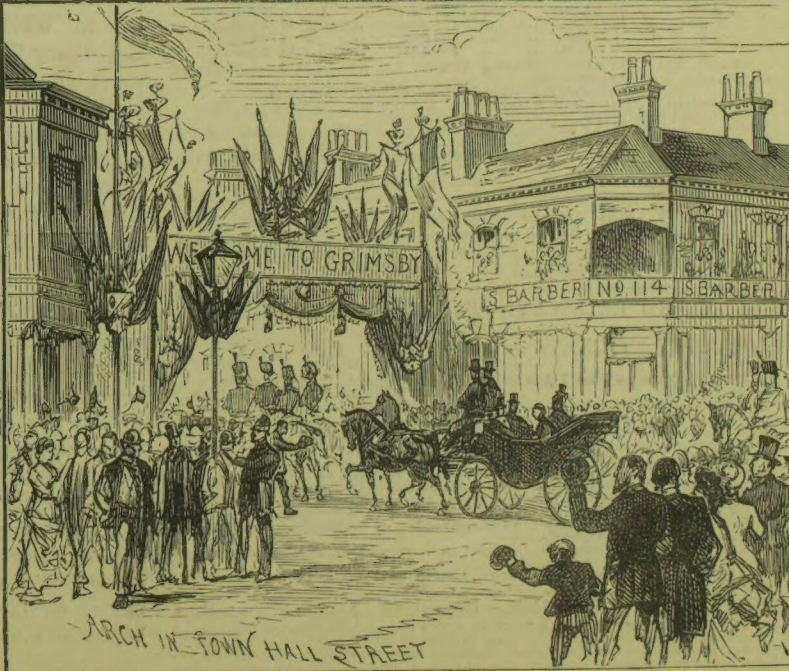
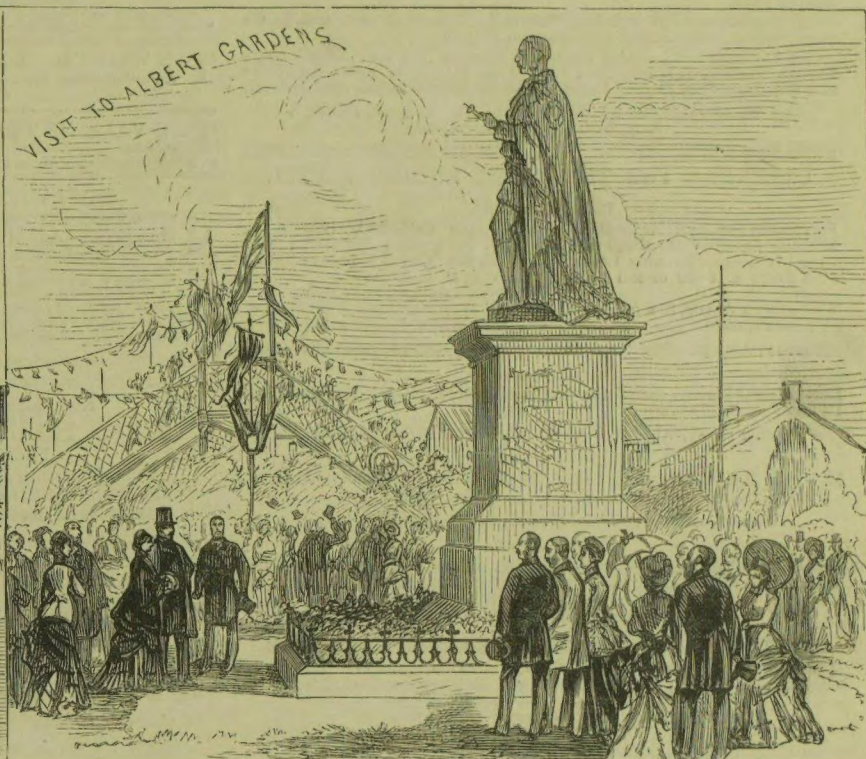
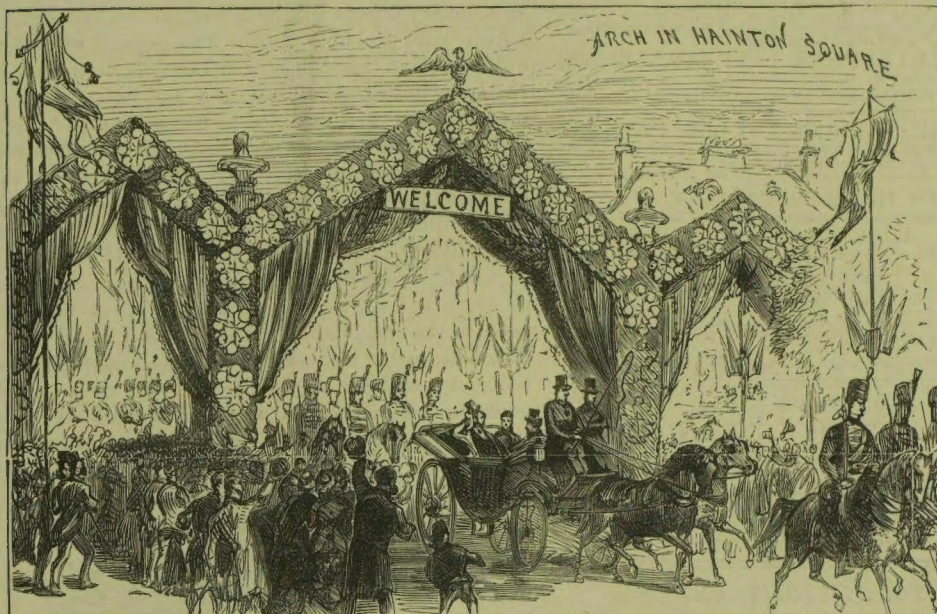
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2314.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE. By Post, 6d.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT OPENING THE PEOPLE'S PARK AT GREAT GRIMSBY.

BIRTHS.

On the 8th inst., at Mortimer House, Lower Sydenham, the wife of Surgeon-Major J. H. Condon, M.D., of a daughter.

On the 19th inst., at Netley Castle, Hants, the wife of Major the Hon. H. Crichton, 21st Hussars, of a son.

On the 15th inst., at 3, Queen Anne-street, the Lady Howard Bury, of a son.

On the 16th inst., at Newtown Anner, the Duchess of St. Albans, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst., at the Wesleyan Church, Norfolk-road, Brighton, by the Rev. E. O. Coleman, David William Paddison to Mary Stafford, third daughter of H. F. Reason, of Western-road, Brighton.

On the 16th inst., at St. John the Baptist, Erith, by the Rev. T. W. Hardy, assisted by the Rev. F. B. Grubbell, William, elder son of William Bassingham, of Stoke Newington, to Fanny Hall, eldest daughter of Herbert Ford, of The Shrubbery, Erith, Kent.

On the 25th ult., at Holy Trinity Church, Caledon, Cape of Good Hope, by the father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. F. Greenwood, Edward Barker Vincent Melvill, third son of Assistant Surveyor-General Melvill, of Cape Town, to Joanna Elizabeth Rowe (Daisy), eldest daughter of the Rev. John Eedes, Rector of Caledon, South Africa.

DEATHS.

On the 10th inst., at Springhill House, Kilmarnock, Archibald, eldest son of the late Archibald Finnie, Esq., of Springhill and Grange, Ayrshire, aged 32 years.

On the 7th inst., at Polperro, Cornwall, Richard Rowett, sen., in his seventy-third year. Buried at Talland on Aug. 10.

On the 18th inst., at his residence, Coombe Warren, Kingston-on-Thames, William S. Edgar, Esq., J.P., of 10, Piccadilly, eldest son of the late William Edgar, Esq., of Eagle House, Clapham-common, aged 59 years.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 1.

SUNDAY, AUG. 26.
Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.
Morning Lessons: II. Kings ix.; I. Cor. vi. 1-25. Evening Lessons: II. Kings x. 1-32 or xiii.; Mark i. 21.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., 3 p.m.
St. James's, noon.

MONDAY, AUG. 27.—Streatham Athletic Sports; South London Harriers.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28.
Horticultural Society, committee. The Torbay Royal Regatta (two days).
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29.—Airedale Agricultural Society Show.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30.
Middlesex Hospital, quarterly court, West Suffolk Grand Archery noon. Meeting.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31.—Abdul Hamed, Sultan of Turkey, 1876.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.
New moon, 2.14 p.m. Partridge-Shooting begins. Hospital Saturday.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Rain in 24 hours, next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	
August	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°		Miles.	In.
12	30.124	55.7	47.4	68	9	70.7	46.1	W. SSW.	153	0.000
13	29.816	67.5	49.5	55	1	79.1	53.8	SSW.	268	0.000
14	29.710	64.9	52.0	65	5	72.6	60.3	SW.	495	0.005
15	29.706	59.8	48.1	67	8	66.8	56.9	WSW.	410	0.020
16	30.046	55.8	42.0	62	6	64.9	51.1	WNW. NW.	246	0.015
17	30.029	59.9	57.4	94	9	68.5	47.9	NW. SSW.	197	0.015*
18	30.123	66.2	52.8	64	4	76.0	60.3	SW. NW. NNW.	96	0.010

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m. :—

Barometer (in inches) corrected ..	30.151	29.936	29.766	29.659	30.006	30.055	30.147
Temperature of Air ..	62.4°	71.0°	68.9°	62.3°	67.8°	61.2°	66.9°
Temperature of Evaporation ..	54.7°	61.1°	60.9°	55.1°	49.3°	59.5°	61.1°
Direction of Wind ..	SSW.	SSW.	SW.	WSW.	NW.	SSW.	NW.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
7 23	7 57	8 33	9 15	10 2	10 43	11 22
11 22	11 57	12 43	1 22	2 11	3 0	3 40

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First-Class
Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d.; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class
Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon Day Return Tickets, 10s.
A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY
SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via
NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday as under:—

Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris.
Aug. 25 Dep. 10 5 a.m.	Dep. 10 15 a.m.	Arr. 8 25 p.m.
" 27 " 12 55 p.m.	" 1 5 p.m.	" 10 45 p.m.
" 28 " 1 15 p.m.	" 1 25 p.m.	" 1 5 a.m.
" 29 " 9 10 a.m.	" 9 20 a.m.	" 10 0 p.m.

NIGHT TRIP SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Wednesday and Sunday.
FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class. 2nd Class.
Available for Return within One Month .. £2 15 0 £1 19 0
Third-Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.
The "Normandy" and "Britanny," splendid fast paddle-steamers, accomplish the passages between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under Four Hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton
Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS,
1883.

TOURIST TICKETS will be issued from MAY 1 to OCT. 31, 1883.
For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.
Derby, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The
most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful Route from England to Italy.
EXCURSIONS to the celebrated Rigi (by the Mountain Railway from Arth Station of the St. Gothard Railway), and the Alpine Passes of the Furca, Oberalp, and the Valleys of the Tessin, Rhone, and Rhine. London to Lucerne, 24 hours; to Milan, 33 hours; Venice, 43 hours; Florence, 44 hours; Rome, 51 hours; Naples, 56 hours.
SECOND-CLASS Carriages to the EXPRESS TRAINS in Switzerland. Carriages lighted with gas, and fitted with the Safety Continuous Brakes; Sleeping Cars; and excellent Buffets at the Swiss stations.
The Tunnel of St. Gothard is traversed in Twenty-three Minutes with perfect safety, and free from inconvenience.
Tickets: Great Eastern, South-Eastern, London, Chatham, and Dover Railways.

LAKE OF LUCERNE.—Important Notice.—Travellers
desirous of varying their journey by a trip on the Lake between Lucerne and Fluelen can conveniently do so, arriving in time to take the trains at Fluelen or Lucerne, as the steamers correspond. A voyage on this magnificent Lake affords the greatest pleasure, and a beneficial change after a fatiguing railway journey. The large Saloon Steamers start at frequent intervals. Fare, 3.60. First-class Buffet. Prospectuses at the Hotels.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—The
SUMMER SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to the above-named Stations at reduced fares.
TOURIST TICKETS, available up to Dec. 31, 1883, are also issued from London (Liverpool-street) to Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For further particulars see bills.
London, August, 1883. WILLIAM BRET, General Manager.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.
INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.
LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.
Open Daily, from Nine a.m. to Ten p.m., except Wednesday, when doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m. until further notice.
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles.
The Full Band of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best Composers Daily from Three o'clock till 9.45 p.m.
Admission 1s. on every weekday, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, One Guinea.
EVENING FETES.—On EVERY WEDNESDAY in AUGUST the Exhibition will be open until Eleven p.m. The Band will play until 10.45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated by Chinese Lanterns, Coloured Fires, &c., under the management of Mr. James Pain, as on the occasion of the Royal Fete on July 18.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.
Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary."
TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES,
9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. WILL CLOSE SHORTLY.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,
completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
The new and magnificent entrance from Piccadilly is now open.—The world-famed **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS**, the oldest established and most popular entertainment in the world.
EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
GREAT AND GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME.
All the new songs received with unbounded enthusiasm. Enormous success of the Grand Military Sketch, THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES. Mr. G. W. MOORE and Company.
Tickets & Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. No fees.

Now ready, elegantly bound in cloth gilt,
VOL. 82 ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
Price 20s.; in Paper Covers, 15s.
CASES, for binding above 2s. 6d. each.
READING-CASE, for holding a single Number ... 2s. 6d. "
PORTFOLIOS, for Six Months' Numbers 4s. 6d. "
198, Strand, W.C.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets issued by The Interleaf or Leaflet Company, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

NEW INDEX TO VOL. LXXXII.

The New Index (consisting of Sixteen Pages) is now ready, price Fourpence; by post, Fivepence. For Summary of Contents, see Advertisement, page 191.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883.

The Parliamentary Session which closes to-day will be remarkable in many ways. It was the first held after the adoption of the new Rules of Procedure by the House of Commons. Those standing orders have had little direct effect. Although they may have prevented obstruction on a large scale, they have been no hindrance to interminable talk. The protracted debate on the Address, extending over eight or ten nights, was not only a wilful waste of public time, but a clear proof that no formal regulations can frustrate members bent upon making a figure in the House of Commons of retarding the measures of the Government by ingeniously "veiled obstruction." Since then, that Assembly has been laboriously industrious in talking much and doing little; and her Majesty's Ministers have been singularly unfortunate in having the Bradlaugh difficulty ever confronting them, and in feeling obliged to make an attempt to carry a Parliamentary Oaths Bill, which would have abolished the last religious test that barred the entrance of duly-elected members. Up to Whitsuntide—a period of four months—the Hereditary Chamber had little business to consider; and the Commons, many first-class measures which were blocked by dreary debates on trivial or extraneous topics. Since the beginning of July legislation has advanced in a geometrical ratio; and during the past fortnight the Lower House has had more protracted sittings and passed more bills than have ever before been known within that space of time.

The Session has been saved from barrenness mainly by the agency of the Grand Committees, a device accepted with fear and trembling last autumn, but the necessity for which has been amply vindicated by the experience of the present year. By this means a measure of Bankruptcy Reform has, after many years' delay, been elaborated to the general satisfaction, and is now inscribed on the Statute Book; and a revision of the Law of Patents has been carefully effected, which will go far to protect the legitimate rights of inventors. Neither of these much-needed bills could have been carried through but for the labours of the Committee on Trade. If the Grand Committee on Law was not equally successful, it is to be borne in mind that the questions submitted to it were more complex. The attempt to reform the Criminal Code broke down, owing to Irish obstruction and the inherent

difficulties of the subject. The energy and ability of the Attorney-General safely carried the Court of Criminal Appeal Bill through that trying ordeal, but it has fallen through owing to the pressure of business and the diversity of opinion as to the expediency of the measure. The labours of the Law Committee, though without immediate results, will not have been thrown away if they should help to mature opinion on the legal problems that are as yet hardly ripe for definite legislative treatment.

The Royal Assent will to-day be given to some measures of importance besides those considered by the Standing Committees. The provisions of the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, which the Upper House has wisely refrained from altering, embody a drastic and far-reaching scheme for putting down lavish expenditure and protecting alike candidates and constituencies. Its revolutionary effects will be felt at the next general election, which will probably follow the Session of 1884. It is quite possible that the Scotch Local Government Bill and the Irish Registration Bill may not figure in the list of measures that are destined to become Acts of Parliament. The Peers—or the few that still remain at Westminster—may be anxious to assert their prerogatives by throwing out these bills. They have already so changed, in Committee, the tenant-right bills for England and Scotland, respectively, as to suggest that it would have been more logical to refuse them a second reading. Both measures, as submitted to their Lordships, were a very moderate boon to the occupiers of the soil, and it is not rash to predict that, rather than sacrifice much-needed reforms, Lord Salisbury and his noble friends will waive these chief amendments and avoid a collision with the House of Commons. They have already vindicated their independence by summarily rejecting the little measure for restraining the massacre of pigeons, and by vehement and not unreasonable protests against hasty legislation.

Last Saturday's sitting of the House of Commons was noteworthy on several grounds. It began at noon, lasted more than fourteen hours, and was not brought to a close till two o'clock on Sunday morning. There was a necessity for completing the votes of Supply, but most of the time was taken up by the Irreconcilable Irish members, who took occasion, on the proposal of the grant for the Lord Lieutenant's Household, to pour out the vials of their wrath, in language of unprecedented violence; on Earl Spencer, the Dublin Castle authorities, and the constabulary. Mr. Healy was conspicuous for his unbridled vituperation, which was evidently intended to inflame Irish feeling at home and abroad. The Prime Minister's eloquent and dignified rebuke of the coarse-minded member for Monaghan has been condemned for its moderation. There was, of course, little chance that Mr. Gladstone's reference to "the indescribable pain" with which he listened to such invectives, and to the obstacles they raised to the restoration of peace and concord, would in any way soften Mr. Healy or Mr. Biggar. Wholesale abuse is part of the stock-in-trade of unscrupulous demagogues. The Premier's pathetic appeal was from Philip drunk to Philip sober. To put the Parnellites decidedly in the wrong was to seize a moral elevation that must in the end tell upon the world at large, and reasonable Irishmen in particular.

There is some reason for the desperate tactics of the Irish Nationalists. Events are fighting against their factious policy. The improved condition of their country is the best antidote to hollow agitation. Mr. Trevelyan can smile at such a stupid innuendo as was levelled at him on Saturday by Mr. Healy, who sneeringly suggested that the Chief Secretary would defend the constabulary even if they were charged with spitting babies on bayonets, when he can point to the cessation of agrarian crime, the successful operation of the Arrears Act, and the great work effected by the Land Commission. It appears from the statement made a few days ago by Mr. Trevelyan that up to the end of last month more than 60,000 applications out of 100,000 to fix a fair rent had been disposed of by the Courts, and that there have been spontaneous reductions of rent all over Ireland, and on the estates of nearly all the largest proprietors. Moreover, the much-abused Lord Lieutenant, on his visit to the fine Industrial Exhibition at Cork—which is in itself a pleasing indication of what may be done by the co-operation of all sections of Irishmen—was received with much cheering by the populace, who are the constituents of Mr. Parnell.

The mystery that still surrounds the negotiations relative to the high-handed proceedings of Admiral Pierre at Tamatave is not likely to be dissipated before Parliament rises. To the questions asked in both Houses on Monday night, the official replies were studiously vague. Both Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone stated that there has been an active correspondence with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who has throughout observed a very conciliatory attitude. But it is clear that his Lordship will spare no efforts to obtain the release of Mr. Shaw, the missionary, whose imprisonment seems to have been a most arbitrary and cruel act. We must patiently await the result of his diplomatic efforts. From first to last, the course taken by the French in Madagascar has been unworthy of a high-minded nation.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

When Don Alfonso, King of Spain and the Antilles, made his entry into Valencia the other day the enthusiastic populace flung into the Royal carriage a number of pigeons so heavily bedecked with coloured ribbons that they were unable to fly far. So the innocent little creatures were amicably captured, to be sent to the Queen of Spain; and they will probably find a happy home at Aranjuez, or La Granja, or some other Royal pleasure. I note the occurrence, first, because it seems a very pretty one, possibly of Moorish origin; and, next, because, as things go, I would (were I a dove) much rather be a Spanish pigeon than an English one. Mr. Anderson's bill for the prohibition of pigeon-shooting as "sport" has been thrown out by a large majority in the House of Lords; and the rejection of the measure is exulted over in some quarters as a stinging rebuke to the "humanitarians," the "faddists," and the "crochet-mongers." Elsewhere I read that "a number of sporting peers" came specially up to town to vote against the measure; and, furthermore, it is understood that the bill was thrown out as a punishment to the House of Commons for not having had time this Session to pass the Criminal Laws Amendment Bill, which had its origin in the Lords, and is as full of "fads" and "crochets" as an egg is full of meat.

There was not much in Mr. Anderson's bill, which was, at the best, only a stunted and weak-kneed piece of legislation. Still, it made provision for diminishing, to a small extent, the immense mass of ferocious cruelty to animals—cruelty which still forms a part of our national manners and customs. I wonder whether the Lords are gratified with, or ashamed of, their victory? As for the "rebuks" administered to the "humanitarians," they can well afford any amount of indignant or contemptuous reprimand that the anti-humanitarians choose to visit them with.

Here is a list of only twenty-one "national" customs, sports, and pastimes which the "humanitarians" within the last sixty years have been enabled to put down. The pillory, the whipping of female offenders, bull and bear baiting, prize-fighting, dog-fighting, dog and duck hunting, badger-baiting, ratting, cock-fighting, the cropping of the ears and tails of dogs, public executions, the employment of dogs as beasts of draught, the slavery of German "buy-a-broom" girls, and juvenile Italian organ-grinders, the torture of "climbing-boys," or young chimney-sweeps, the employment of children in coal-mines, the performances of dancing bears, unreasonably long hours in factories, the truck system, flogging in the Army and Navy, and *Negro Slavery in the West Indies*. Pelions upon Ossas of insult, contumely, and calumny have been heaped high on the "humanitarians," "faddists," and "crocheteers," who helped to abrogate these atrocities and these scandals; and they can well afford to be insulted, despised, and calumniated as of aforetime. He laughs best who laughs last; and the anti-pigeon-shooters will get the best of it some day.

Even the aristocratic *Morning Post* is against "the sporting peers" who came up to town on purpose to "squelch" Mr. Anderson's bill. "The simple fact," remarks my patrician contemporary, "which all controversy on the subject only tends to place in a clearer light, is that pigeon-shooting is a brutal amusement which will have to be abolished. The decision of the Peers was an unwise one, which will have to be reversed." When the *Post* begins to scold the Peers, chaos—or common-sense—seems to be coming again.

It used to be thought that Ranke's "History of the Popes" possessed some slight merit as an historical work, and that there was a good deal of information, equally curious and trustworthy, touching the Roman Pontiffs, in Professor Gregorovius' "Tombe dei Papi." But Ranke and Gregorovius must now take, it would seem, "back seats." The Roman clerical journals of Monday, the 20th, publish a letter addressed by the Pope to Cardinals Di Pietro, Di Luca, and Hergenroether, in which his Holiness recommends the careful study of the history of the Papacy, in furtherance of which investigations the archives preserved in the library of the Vatican will in future be rendered accessible to students. The *Pontifex Maximus* adds that such studies will be the means of enlightening youth as to the real facts of history, at present put before them, in a travestied form, by the enemies of the Holy See. The news seems almost too good to be true. Simancas and the Frari must pale their ineffectual fires if the manuscript treasures of the Vatican are to be thrown open to the researches of the general student; and M. Armand Baschet and "our" Mr. Rawdon Brown should take train for Rome at once.

That there were strong men before Agamemnon we have been told even unto the nauseating stage of reiteration. This warning notwithstanding, I cannot refrain from pointing out that, long before the scheme for converting the General Post Office into a Royal Parcels Delivery Company, Unlimited, was evolved from the administrative brain of St. Martin's-le-Grand, there was in the principality of Wales a sage who had very definite ideas on the subject of a Parcels Post. He lived at Llandudno, and his house had been furnished by a firm at Liverpool; and, in the course of the transaction, he forwarded to his upholsterers a letter, of which a former partner in the firm has favoured me with a copy:—

Gentlemen,—Why not fordam you no sen my chess of dravs? Is not my money as good as no mans? *Sen it by return of post, and oblige,*
Yours respectable, J. J.
Still, "fordam" puzzles me.

The gentle Shakespeare taught us how to find sermons in stones. The newest thing in sermons is that we should hear them "hot and hot" by means of the telephone. According to the *Bradford Observer*, the National Telephone Company have within the last few days put up a telephone wire between their Bradford offices and a Unitarian chapel in that town, and on the next Sunday evening a gentleman at his house in

Halifax and a number of subscribers in Bradford and the neighbourhood had "the pleasure" of listening through their telephones to a sermon preached in the Unitarian chapel. The Telephone Company have also connected St. Paul's Church, Manningham, with their offices; and the Sunday services at St. Paul's have been distinctly heard by persons living in Manningham, Baildon, Leeds, and other places. This fresh development of communication will, it is expected, be a real boon to invalids and persons kept away from church by inclement weather or temporary indisposition.

Is there not something strangely indecorous (if not revoltingly indecent) in the Common Hangman having been permitted to visit the Houses of Parliament while the Legislature was in Session, and in the public executioner having been actually lionised as a "distinguished visitor" to Westminster? Is the newspaper statement a hoax, or the plain truth, that the man was permitted to distribute his autograph, written on House of Peers' note-paper, to the *gobemouches* of the lobbies and the Central Hall, and that, "with special privilege," the executioner went up to the Speaker's Gallery, where he "evidently enjoyed the debate"?

In foreign countries the office of public executioner is either hereditary or it is filled by some outcast of society, who has been a criminal and pardoned on condition of his carrying out the dread behests of the law. In the United States there is no common hangman at all. The Sheriff, by touching a spring or setting his foot on a trap, which liberates a counterweight, is the immediate cause of the criminal being hanged. But in England the hangman is a person who, for hire and of his own free will, without any kind of pressure or coercion whatever, takes up the horrible trade of killing, in cold blood, his fellow-creatures. He must like killing them, or he would not persist in his hideous craft. That Jack Ketch is a public necessity—in the existing condition of public opinion touching capital punishment—may be granted; but surely Jack Ketch should not be a favoured guest in the palace of the Legislature.

The Temperance cause has been materially (?) aided at Salisbury by the "thorough" proceedings of a distinguished leader of the Blue Ribbon movement, who, in the course of an eloquent address, declared that "he could not say it was not a sin to drink a glass of beer," and in which he strongly condemned the Christian who had the wine glass in one hand and the brandy bottle on the side board. A wealthy miller (Mr. Alfred Tennyson's?) was among the Blue Ribbon gentleman's audience, and was his host as well. At the breakfast-table, the next morning, the hostess made the announcement that her husband intended to sweep the whole contents of the wine-cellar away, explaining that the wine had only been kept for visitors. The "Blue Ribbon" gentleman ejaculated "Hal-luh-luh!" and, taking two bottles, smashed their necks at the riverside, pouring their contents into the Avon, and declaring that not a drop should pollute the earth. "Hethen left by train, and the family completed the destruction of the wine-cellar."

Pollute the earth, quotha! The smashing to pieces of the wealthy miller's wine-bottles involved, I read, the loss of from six to eight gallons of the finest port, from thirty to forty years old, of the value of from twelve to fourteen shillings a bottle. Bravo! *A la bonne heure!* Down with Carbonell! Perish Sandeman! Let the Avon run red with "tomahawk" port. Let the waters of Lethe roll over the memory of "Comet" and "Twenty port." Who cares for "beeswing" or "old crusted"? The fact is that I cannot (because I dare not) drink port wine; but a kind lady made me a present, the other day, of some rare old Madeira, out of the cellar of George Canning; and if any Blue Ribbon gentleman has a mind to come my way and endeavour to smash my bottles, I merely give him notice that there is a well in the basement of my house, and a trap-door giving entrance thereto, and that it is not the rare old Madeira that will be thrown into that well. Pollute the earth, forsooth! Read the Hundred-and-Fourth Psalm, Mr. Blue Ribbon.

What has become of a model of the proposed architectural improvements in the neighbourhood of Whitehall: a model which Lord Stratheden and Campbell alleges was prepared when Mr. Layard was first Commissioner of Works, but of which, according to Lord Thurlow, no trace can now be discovered. The Earl of Wemyss added that the model cost five hundred pounds, and was worth fifteen hundred. But where is it; and what are the structural improvements at Whitehall to be carried out under the Public Offices Sites Act?

Lord Thurlow, on behalf of the Government, has told his brother peers that architects will be invited to compete for the new War Office and the new Admiralty buildings, which are to be erected on what is known as the Spring Gardens site, and that when the Parliament-street site was made available for buildings, which would not be for some time to come, the Government meant to devote the area exclusively to banks, clubs, insurance offices, and other shapely and comely structures, "with a fitting architectural elevation which would have to be approved by the Office of Works as suitable to the surroundings of the neighbourhood." At this intelligence one almost feels inclined (but for the dreadful indecorum of the thing) to cry "Hooray!" The ghost of Inigo Jones might rub his hands for glee at the statement made by Lord Thurlow.

Mem.: Inigo's original drawings for a palatial Whitehall are yet preserved in the library of Worcester College, Oxford, and have been frequently engraved. At this time of day it would be, of course, impracticable to realise in stone the almost visionary plans of the great architect who built the Banqueting House and spoiled the west front of old St. Paul's with a classic portico. But it will be at least something to have a wholly Palladian Whitehall from which the hideous red brick and stone dressings of what some call the Early Domestic English, and others the Union Workhouse Style of Archi-

ecture, will be rigorously banished. Then shall we be able to sing, with Pope:—

Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a New Whitehall ascend.
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom
The world's great oracle in times to come:
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
Once more to bend before a British Queen.

I picked up, a day or two since, in the Market at Brighton (not at all a bad place for lighting on queer old books), a thin little tome, which, to my delight, turned out to be a *catalogue raisonné*, published in 1812, of the "London Museum and Pantheon open for Public Inspection, in the Egyptian Temple, Piccadilly, London." This must have been the well-known "Bullock's Museum," which is figured, if I remember aright, in the "Microcosm of London," and which is now known as the Egyptian Hall. At page 29 in the section of the catalogue devoted to arms and armour, I find enumerated "The Brigandine Jacket," which was used principally by the archers.

It took its name from the light horse troops who first wore it being called Brigands. It is composed of a number of small plates of iron sewed upon quilted linen through a small hole in the centre of each plate, the edges laid over each other like tiles or the scales of fish; these scales are covered with cloth, so as to have the appearance of quilting: it is proof against the push of a pike or the stroke of a sword, and yet is extremely pliable to every motion of the body.

Now turn to Jeremiah li. 3:—

Against him that bendeth let the archer bend his bow, and against him that lifteth himself up in his brigandine: and spare ye not her young men; destroy ye utterly all her host.

Mem.: I remember an esteemed member of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors telling me once 'twixt callipash and callipee, so to speak, that his Guild were not originally tailors, but "Linen Armourers." It puzzled me mightily to tell, at the time, what a "Linen Armourer" could be, unless he were the maker of those preposterous padded suits which timorous Protestants used to wear at the time of Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey's murder and the (apocryphal) Popish Plot. But perhaps the Merchant Taylors had a "specialty" as brigandine manufacturers.

The Right Hon. Earl Granville, K.G., has involuntarily robbed me of a good deal of normally scanty rest lately. Ever since the publication of the Foreign Secretary's circular, rebuking the diplomatic and consular servants of the Crown abroad who made use of "impure English" in their communications to the Foreign Office, I have made constant quest for English that is pure. In the course of my travail I have lighted on a quarto tract, published in 1644, called "Vindex Anglicus: or, Perfections of the English Language Vindicated and Asserted." Says the Vindicator:—

The Italian is compounded of Latin, barbarous Greek and Gothish. The French of Latin, Dutch, and the old Gallick; the Spanish of Latin, Gothish, and Morisco; Germany hath a taste of the Roman Empire and her bordering neighbours; if I be not deceived, you may discover all these with advantage; yet their purest expression fitly seated and separated from their barbarisms which by others are swallowed together with the rest. All of them are so mutable that our frequency is excusable. Nay, mixture and mutability are things so natural to languages that none but the Hebrew [if that] are free from them.

At the same time, the Vindicator holds up to public animadversion the "busy creatures" who presume to foist new and impure words on the perfect English language. "How ridiculous," he writes, "if well considered, is the merchandise they seek to sell for current. Let me afford you a few examples, and I am deceived if they will not move both your anger and laughter. Read and censure:—

Adpugne, Algale, Adstipate, Daffe, Defust, Depex, Brochity, Bulbitate, Extorque, Ebrilate, Caprilous, Contrast, Catillate, Fraxate, Froyce, Impurcate, Increible, Incasse, Gingreate, Glabretal, Hualtate, Ligurition, Lurcate, Kemand, Mephilic, Mermindized, Obsalutate, Orbation, Nixiate, Nautabile, Plumatis, Progridity, Puellation, Raption, Kerest, Rumatic, Sodate, Solistic, Subgrund, Tristful, Wadshaw, Xantical, Yexate, Vituate, Undosus, Vambrash, Zoograte.

A remarkable list. The italics are mine. But "daffe," defined as a "stupid blockish fellow," is in the latest of English dictionaries, and it is in Chaucer—

I shall be holden a daffe or a cokenay.

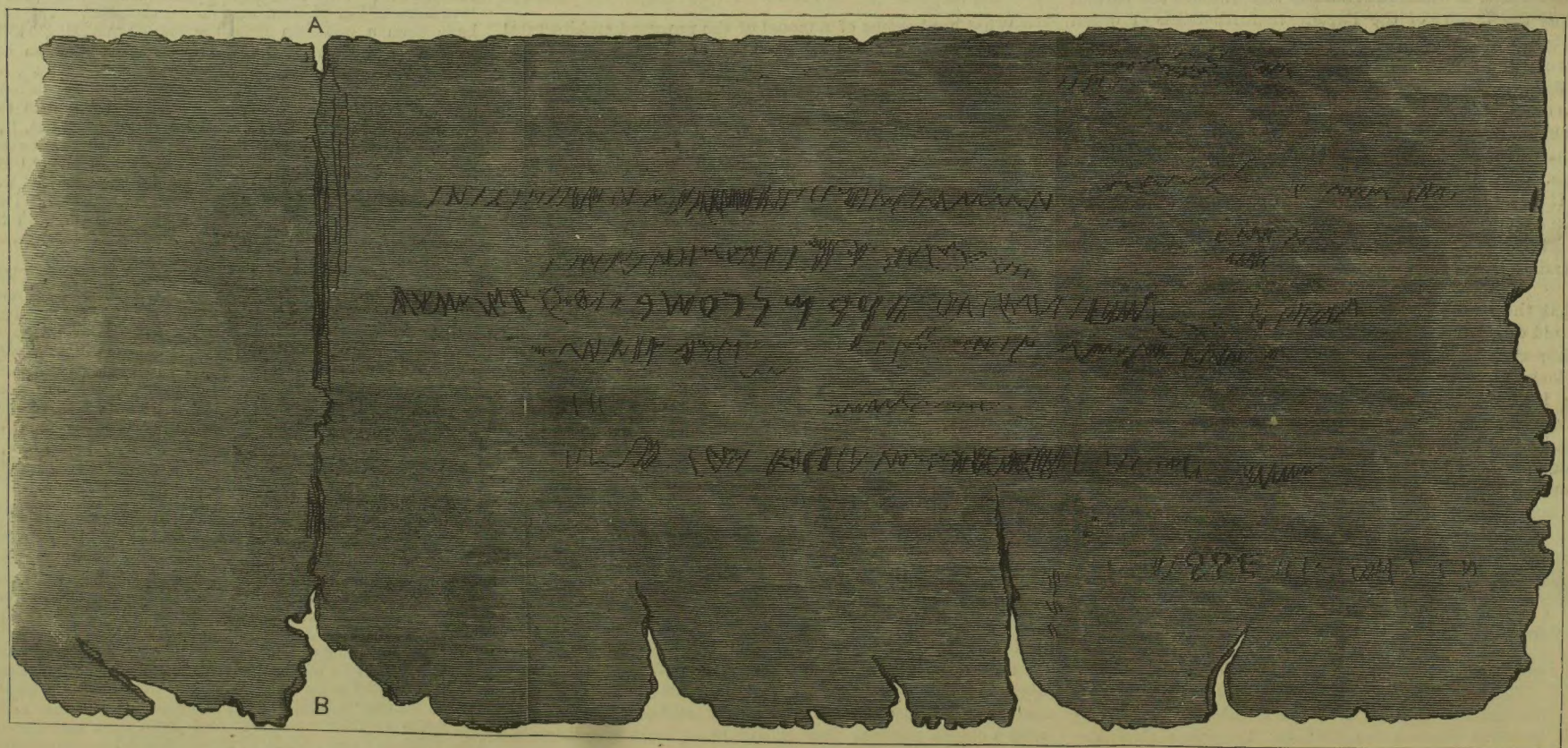
"Algal," one of the "algæ," or pertaining to the nature of the algae, is still in use; "vambrash" was probably a "vambrace," or piece of armour for the arm; "froyce" may have been a gallicism from the French "froisse," but there was an old English pancake made with bacon called a "froise"; "orbation," for privation or bereavement, remains in the most recent dictionaries. We have "sudation" and "sudatory," but no "sodate"; "tristful" occurs twice in Shakespeare (I. Henry IV., ii. 4, and Hamlet, iii. 4); although we do not use the word "Xantical," we have Xanthic acid; "yexate" seems to be a latinisation of the old English "yex," to hiccup; and if we have no "zoograte," we have zoography. Somebody will doubtless be able to tell me the meaning of "wadshaw." Has it aught to do with the old Scottish law term "wadsett"?

Why are the spirits of the Celestials (I mean the Critics) in such an indignant flutter because Mr. Hollingshead is about to bring out at the Gaiety a burlesque, written by Mr. Burnand, of "The Tempest"? "Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur"; and Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. Frank Burnand are both Sappers—and Miners (gold-miners) to boot. Besides, "The Tempest" has been burlesqued before. There was produced at the Adelphi, more than thirty years ago, a travesty called "The Enchanted Island," written by the Brothers (Robert and William) Brough. It was a very funny piece, and, for a time, took the town considerably.

I have seen "Hamlet" burlesqued—as an Italian opera, and "The Midsummer Night's Dream" parodied (unconsciously) in the French "Songe d'une Nuit d'Été." The Prince of Denmark has also, I believe, been deliberately burlesqued on the English stage. "Othello Travesty" I remember seeing at the old Strand Theatre, with that droll comedian, W. J. Hammond, in the part of the Moor; and somebody must be in possession of a coloured pen-and-ink drawing which I made about the year 1850-1 of the principal characters in Frank Talfourd's burlesque on "Macbeth." Mr. Burnand's "Ariel" ought to be a very hilarious piece; only I hope that he will let the "Cloud Capp'd Towers" speech alone; that he will make Caliban a masquerader, and Trinculo a member of the Blue Ribbon Army; while Prospero might be conveniently represented as a preposterous old humbug who pretends to be able to read people's thoughts, until he is at length exposed by the dainty Ariel, otherwise the ethereal "Truth."—G. A. S.



THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD (STYLED HENRY V. BY THE FRENCH LEGITIMISTS).



A and B mark one of the seams by which the pieces of leather are sewed together with thread.
A LEAF OF MR. SHAPIRA'S SUPPOSED MANUSCRIPT OF DEUTERONOMY, AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



AT WORK IN A WOOLLEN FACTORY.

The textile manufactures of Great Britain exceed in magnitude and importance, collectively, every other branch of industry practised by the toiling population of our great towns. That of cotton, spinning and weaving, stands at the head of all these, but woollens and worsteds are next in rank. The great staple of English trade, in the olden time—under the Plantagenet reigns—was the export of fine wool to be manufactured by Flemish, South German, French, or Italian weavers. Its chief mart was long at Winchester; and it was not until religious persecution drove the foreign Protestant artisans to seek refuge in this country that we knew much about the making of cloth. The spinning of woollen yarns as a domestic employment for women preceded the use of the

loom. In the seventeenth century, however, by the agency of London merchants and masters of the clothing trades, both woollen and linen, hand-loom weaving became a profitable occupation in the towns and villages of the West and North of England. Somerset, Wilts, and Devonshire, a hundred years ago, were renowned for their fine broadcloth, their stout serges, and a variety of textile fabrics, which found a market not only at home, but in different parts of Europe. The introduction of the power-loom, and the requirement of coal for the steam-engine to perform mechanical processes on a larger scale, occasioned the removal of such manufactures to Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. Bradford and Leeds, with Huddersfield, Halifax,

and all the neighbouring towns, have grown to vast importance, while the former manufacturing industries of Exeter, and of other places in the West, have in many instances fallen into decay, though at Frome and Trowbridge, and in the Vale of Stroud, woollen fabrics of good quality are still produced to a large extent. The West Riding, however, now commands a pre-eminent position in this department of national economy, and it continues to share, with that of the cotton manufacture, the industry of some neighbouring Lancashire towns, Rochdale, Todmorden, and Burnley, situated on the frontier along Blackstone Edge. In Scotland, also, on the romantic banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, at Galashiels and Hawick, at Peebles and

Paisley, the woollen manufacture has greatly flourished. The name of "tweeds," applied to a well-known kind of woven stuff, is tolerably significant of local success. British spinners of woollen yarn, which is largely exported, and makers of a variety of cloths, coatings, flannels, baizes, and blanket pieces, consume all the raw material they can obtain from abroad—from the Continent, from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and South America, and wherever the sheep finds congenial pasture. The interesting Wool Exhibition at the Crystal Palace three years ago, with its large collection of samples from those distant parts of the world, and its beautiful specimens of a great diversity of British fabrics, could not fail to convey some idea of the extent of this commerce, as well as of the skill, the taste, and the multiplicity of inventions, by which it is sustained. The value of wool yearly imported, adding that of alpaca, mohair, and other materials to be mixed with the wool, is about twenty-five millions sterling; while the export of yarns is to upwards of five millions, and that of woven stuffs, woollens, and worsteds has approached thirty millions in value. The number of hands directly employed in this manufacture is near a quarter of a million, besides, at least, as many working in different trades allied with it, amongst which are the makers of complicated machinery used in the spinning-mills and factories. In "carding" the short kinds of fibre, which are applied to the manufacture of "woollen" cloth, and in "combing" the longer wool, of which the "worsted" cloth is fabricated, entirely different machines and methods are required. These cannot here be described, and still less can we dwell upon the working of the spinning-mules and the weaving-loom, the motion of which, it may be observed, is slower than that of cotton-manufacturing machinery. The work, in general, is less fatiguing, and there is a comparative freedom from some unhealthy influences of dust, heat, and damp air, which perhaps have a depressing effect on those employed in the Lancashire mills. Our Illustration of the sturdy-looking female hands in a woollen factory is a truthful representation of their ordinary appearance; but they belong to a robust and vigorous race, and there is no better-disposed class of people in all England, none more sober, industrious, honest, and kindly, than the working-class population in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

ALLEGED TEXT OF DEUTERONOMY.

Those who are curious in Biblical and Oriental antiquities have recently had their attention drawn to a supposed discovery of some pieces of a very ancient hitherto unknown text of the earlier chapters of the Book of Deuteronomy, brought to London three weeks ago by Mr. Shapira, a Jewish dealer in such matters, who has long been residing at Jerusalem. These fragments of manuscript are offered for sale, and a very large sum of money—hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling—would naturally be expected for them. They are now at the British Museum, where Dr. Ginsburg, one of the highest authorities upon the special points of investigation concerned in determining their genuineness, is engaged in a most careful scrutiny; while M. Clermont-Ganneau, the eminent French Orientalist, appointed by the French Government to inspect them here on Friday and Saturday last week, already declares them to be "the work of a modern forger." He says that the forger must have been "a person familiar with Hebrew, and who has had before his eyes exact copies of the Moabite Stone."

The "Moabite Stone," or Stone of Mesha, is in the Museum of the Louvre in Paris. A minute description and account of this valued relic, with five accurately drawn illustrations, copying all the remaining inscriptions upon it, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of May 14, 1870. These were furnished by the Rev. F. A. Klein, who first discovered the stone in August, 1868, and by Colonel Warren, R.E., then the able representative of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who afterwards obtained tracings of it, before its removal to France by the action of M. Clermont-Ganneau, then French Vice-Consul in Syria. The stone was, unfortunately, broken in a quarrel between parties of Arabs who disputed its possession when they were employed by rival European archaeologists, French and Prussian, to look after its safe custody; but M. Clermont-Ganneau has pieced it together, and has made a particular study of the inscriptions. It was a piece of basalt, 3 ft. 9 in. long, 2 ft. 4 in. broad, and 1 ft. 2 in. thick, regularly shaped, found lying in the earth at Dhibān, the ancient Dibon, in the Moab territory east of the Dead Sea. The inscription, which was on the upper side only, is a chronicle of the martial achievements of Mesha, King of Moab, who lived nine centuries before the Christian era. Mesha, we read in the Second Book of Kings, chapter iii., was he against whom Jehoram and Jehosaphat, the King of Israel and the King of Judah, made war because he, being "a sheepmaster," and vassal of the King of Israel, had rebelled and refused to send his tribute of a hundred thousand rams and lambs "with the wool." The Moabitish chronicle makes mention of Israel as a hostile nation, and of many well-known Biblical names of places. It is undoubtedly authentic, and is the most ancient monument, with a record in any Semitic language, that has yet been discovered. The characters in which this is written are Phœnician, nearly resembling those of the Greek alphabet, a correspondence to which philologists have attached very great importance.

The renown of the Moabite Stone having spread through Europe, it was to be expected that other Biblical antiquities would soon be forthcoming in the same locality. When Captain Conder, R.E., was in Moab two or three years ago, for the Palestine Exploration Fund researches, he was told by the Arabs there "that persons from Jerusalem had buried pottery in Moab, which they afterwards dug up in the presence of Europeans, and represented to be ancient." Mr. Shapira had sold to the German Government some reputed Moabite pottery, with inscriptions in an alphabet resembling that of the Moabite Stone, but containing Himyaritic letters introduced among those of the Phœnician alphabet. The genuineness of those inscriptions was fiercely disputed, in 1873 and 1874, by learned men in France and England. M. Clermont-Ganneau says they are spurious, as he said ten years ago; and he says the same of Mr. Shapira's present discovery, the alleged manuscript of Deuteronomy, which must, nevertheless, be judged upon its own merits. Dr. Ginsburg has copied the manuscript, and is translating it. This translation, with his report upon it, will be presented to the Trustees of the British Museum.

The statement of Mr. Shapira, concerning these pieces of manuscript, is this: that in 1878, an Arab Sheikh, who is since dead, came to him at Jerusalem, and told him that some Arabs, in the neighbourhood of Arour, in the Wady Moodjib, had got some little black fragments of writing, which they esteemed as talismans. They had found in 1863, in a cavern of the rocks, several bundles wrapped in linen, and, having stripped off the covering, they saved these pieces, or a part of them. A few days after hearing of this, Mr. Shapira was visited by men of the Ajayah tribe, who brought him some pieces; they came again next week, bringing some more, and, the week after, he got other pieces in the same manner. He informed Professor

Schlottman and Dr. Rieu of the fact, but it was considered the manuscript must be a forgery. In May last, however, the German Consul at Beyrout, Dr. Schroeder, saw these fragments and believed them to be genuine; upon which Mr. Shapira came to Europe, showed them at Leipsic, where they were photographed, and has now brought them to London. They were first exhibited to the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, when a number of eminent Semitic scholars were invited to be present.

Our well-known Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, who is an active member of that Committee, and of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, has been permitted by Mr. Shapira and Dr. Ginsburg to make a drawing of one of the slips of leather at the British Museum. It is one of forty-two similar pieces, written upon in Phœnician characters. This particular slip which we have given bears the temporary number of $\frac{211}{5}$; but when Dr. Ginsburg's translation is finished another numbering will be substituted. Many of the leaves are single, but in some cases two and three are joined at the ends together. The one represented in this drawing is the left-hand piece of five slips, all sewn together. These pieces fold up like a map, at the sewn junctions—the junctions being marked in the illustration by the letters A and B. This drawing is the exact size of the original, which contains about twelve lines of writing. The leather is so black that very little of the writing can be seen; and it is only by passing a camel-hair pencil with spirits of wine over it that the letters can be deciphered. The alphabet is exactly the same as that of the well-known

A	X	Α	Aleph
B	U	Β	Beth
G	J	Γ	Gimmel
D	L	Δ	Daleth
E	K	Ε	He
F	I	Ϝ	Yau
Z	7	Ζ	Zain
He	Π	Η	Heth
Th	Θ	Θ	Teth*
I	·	Ι	Yod
K	Υ	Κ	Caph
L	Ϝ	Λ	Lamed
M	W	Μ	Mem
N	Ϛ	Ν	Nun
S	D	Ξ	Samech
O	Ϝ	Ο	Ain
P	Ϛ	Π	Pe
Tz	Ϝ	Τ	Tsade
Q	Ϝ	Ϝ	Koph
R	Ϝ	Ρ	Resh
Sh	W	Σ	Shin
T	Ϝ	Τ	Tau

* This letter does not occur in the Moabite Stone inscription.

Moabite Stone. As the letters on this much-talked-of manuscript are so difficult to make out, we have given a copy of the alphabet of the Moabite Stone to show what they are like, and with it are the Hebrew and Roman equivalents. The three alphabets are here arranged in three parallel vertical columns, first the Roman characters, or modern printing capitals; next to these, the Hebrew characters, in the middle row; and lastly, the corresponding letters of the Moabite inscription; to the right hand of these we have placed the Hebrew names of the letters of the alphabet. There is no Teth, the Th, or Theta of the Greek, on the Moabite Stone, and that character is given in the alphabet as it appears in Mr. Shapira's manuscript; his letter here agrees with other Phœnician alphabets. It will be seen that this alphabet, while similar in some of the letters to the Hebrew, in others resembles the Greek; this is very marked in the D, the H (Greek long E), the Th (Greek Θ), the O, and the R, as well as others.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO GREAT GRIMSBY.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on Friday week, opened the new People's Park at Great Grimsby, having come into that neighbourhood as guests of Mr. Edward Heneage, M.P., of Hainton Hall, and Lady Eleanor Heneage. This gentleman, who holds the office of High Steward of the borough, and is its representative in Parliament, has given the land for the public park. Lady Eleanor, his wife, is a daughter of the second Earl of Listowel. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, attended by Lady Adela Larking and Colonel Larking, arrived at Hainton Hall on the Thursday evening. Among the company invited there to meet them were the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, and several of the Lincolnshire gentry. Next morning, accompanied by Mr. Heneage and Lady Eleanor, Lord and Lady Yarborough, and others from Hainton, their Royal Highnesses arrived by the railway at Great Grimsby. They were received at the Dock Station by the Mayor, Mr. W. Jackson, with the Mayoress, and the members of the Corporation. Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., and the other Directors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway were present. After some presentations, their Royal Highnesses were conducted to the Albert Gardens, where they viewed the Memorial Statue of the late Prince Consort, which was presented some time ago by Sir Edward Watkin, when the Alexandra Dock was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales. A guard of honour, formed of the Grimsby batteries of the 1st Lincolnshire Artillery Volunteers, kept the ground from the Docks Station to the Albert Gardens. On leaving the Albert Gardens, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Lord Yarborough and Mr. Heneage, entered a carriage, which was escorted by a regular procession, along Cleethorpe-road, Freeman-street, Hainton-street, Hainton-square, and Welholme-road, to the new public Park. This route was adorned with flags, garlands of foliage and flowers, and hangings of bright colours; with the triumphal arch, surrounded by a large stuffed eagle, which is shown in one of our Illustrations. Having reached the new People's Park, of which we also present a view, their Royal Highnesses alighted from the carriage, and walked to the marquee erected in an inclosed space, while the Volunteers saluted, and the band played the National Anthem, the whole assembly of people cheering as the Duke and Duchess passed. The ceremonial proceedings were brief and simple. Mr. Heneage, as donor of the Park, handed to his Royal Highness a deed of conveyance, which the Duke of Connaught handed over to the Mayor of Great Grimsby. The

Mayor then delivered to his Royal Highness a golden key, and requested him to declare the People's Park opened, which he did, amidst general acclamations. The Duchess of Connaught was next presented by the Mayor with a silver spade, with which her Royal Highness, as shown in our Illustration, planted a small oak-tree near the marquee; another young sapling was planted by Lady Eleanor Heneage. The procession was again formed, on leaving the Park, to conduct the Royal visitors to the Townhall, by way of Bargate and Victoria-street. Another festive arch, erected in Townhall-street, with the carriage passing through, appears among our Illustrations. At the Townhall, at two o'clock, luncheon was served to the Royal guests and a numerous company, invited by the Mayor and Mayoress. The chief toast proposed was that of the health of all the members of the Royal family, to which the Duke of Connaught replied; the health of Mr. Heneage was also proposed, and he was thanked for his gift to the town. The Duke and Duchess then left Great Grimsby, returning to Hainton Hall, where they stayed till Monday, and then travelled to Norwich, for the ceremony of opening the new building of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, followed by a concert at St. Andrew's Hall, before their final return to London.

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

The expected death of this French Prince, who has long been regarded by the Legitimist party as King Henry V. of France, and who formally assumed that style and title in his proclamation of July, 1871, does not seem likely to have any important political consequences at present; but it may, by the extinction in his person of the elder branch of the Royal House of Bourbon, invest the Count de Paris, as Head of the House of Orleans, with an hereditary claim to the reversion in the view of that party, however remote be the chances of a Restoration of the French Monarchy.

Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné D'Artois, Comte de Chambord and Duc de Bordeaux, was born in Paris, Sept. 29, 1820, six months after the death of his father, Prince Charles Ferdinand D'Artois, Duc de Berri, son of King Charles X. of France. The Duc de Berri was assassinated in March of that year, and his widow, a Princess of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies (the Neapolitan Bourbon dynasty) gave birth to this *enfant de miracle* in September. He was baptized with water brought from the Jordan by Châteaubriand, and was cherished as the pledge of a future triumph of Legitimist principles, notwithstanding the Revolution of 1830, which drove Charles X. into exile at Holyrood. The youth of the Count de Chambord was spent in this country, Germany, and Italy, and in 1843 he resided in London, in Belgrave-square. In 1846 he married Princess Maria Theresa, daughter of the Duke of Modena, but has had no children. After the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon III., in 1870, and upon two occasions in the following year, the Count de Chambord published manifestoes in which he claimed to reign over France; and he was permitted to visit Paris, and to sojourn at the Château of Chambord. But neither the Orleanists nor the Republicans were disposed to give way to his pretensions. It was believed, indeed, that there might have been a "Fusion," as it was called, between the two sections of Monarchists, but that the Count de Chambord would not consent to abandon the White Flag, the ancient standard of France under the Bourbon Kings, for the Tricolour, which was the national standard under the Republic, under the Empire, and under the reign of King Louis Philippe. He would never, he said, "become the Legitimist King of the Revolution." He retired, therefore, to a comparatively secluded residence at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, where he was visited, in August, 1873, by the Count de Paris and the other Orleanist Princes, who from that date formally acknowledged him as the head of the French Royal family. They have since forborne to insist, by any public act, upon their own pretensions derived from the reign of Louis Philippe, the grandfather of the Count de Paris; while it was understood that the Count de Chambord, having no son and no near kinsman, would recognise the Count de Paris as his legitimate heir and successor. The recent visit of the latter, with his uncles and brother, to the death-bed, as it seemed, of the Count de Chambord at Frohsdorf, was attended with circumstances that have entirely confirmed this supposition; but it may not, perhaps, have any real effect upon the course of public affairs in France.

THE MARABOUT LION OF ALGIERS.

It will be recollected that this picture was noticed with commendation at the recent Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The Mussulman religious fraternity of the Marabouts, who are believed to have first appeared in Morocco, exercise great influence over the native populations of Northern Africa. They combine the artifices of the mountebank showman with those of the leaders and preachers of a fanatical sect. The trick of snake-charming, to excite the wondering awe of a crowd of spectators, may sometimes be varied by an exhibition of wild beasts. There is a very harmless old lion in the possession of these mystery-men, so tamed by a long course of crafty lowering treatment, as to submit to be led about by a rope. The part of Van Amburgh is readily played by a familiar dervish, who pretends to be the second Daniel, and to be indebted to his superior sanctity, or to the special grace of Heaven, for his mastery over the fiercest of brutes. Visitors to the courtyard of the monastery are only just enough frightened to enhance the pleasure of seeing what is marvellously strange. The artist, Mr. Eugene Pavy, has depicted this scene with great force and spirit, which appears in our Extra Supplement Engraving to-day.

Sir W. Harcourt received on Tuesday a deputation representing nine suburban local boards, who sought the repeal of a section in the Public Health Act of 1875 which prohibits local boards from establishing waterworks in a district where a water company is in possession of the land. The Home Secretary said he sympathised with their complaint, and would consider if any remedy could be found. As to the general question of the water supply, he was not disposed to pay thirty millions for what could be better supplied for fifteen or twenty millions; and if the companies were unreasonable, Parliament could give the local authorities power to establish their own waterworks.

A large torpedo-boat, of the same dimensions as the one made for the Russian navy a short time ago, was launched on Saturday afternoon from the works of Messrs. Thornycroft and Co., at Chiswick. The ceremony of christening was performed by Mrs. Childers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, after whom the vessel is named, was also present, as were the Chief Constructor of the Navy, several officers of Royal Engineers, and a numerous party, including many ladies. The vessel is armed with four 19-foot torpedoes and two steel-shell machine guns. She has engines of 800-horse power, and is in length 113 ft. The speed contracted for is eighteen knots, which she is expected to exceed on her trial at the measured mile. The vessel has been built for the Victorian Government.



THE MARABOUT (SACRED) LION, ALGIERS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. PAVY.—EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, on Saturday evening, Aug. 18, resumed the not altogether unpleasant task of picking up gold and silver as "The Silver King" on that veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground, the stage of the Princess's Theatre; the earnest Actor-Manager being zealously assisted in the work by Mr. Henry Herman and Mr. Henry H. Jones, the joint authors of this most deservedly successful melodrama. To be compelled by sheer fatigue to rest for awhile from reaping a golden harvest is surely an agreeable lot—when luck or fortune permits the period of repose to be taken with impunity. Mr. Barrett and his singularly able company, having enjoyed over a month of relaxation, renew their performance of "The Silver King" with great zest and freshness. The strongly individualised Wilfrid Denver of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the sympathetic Nelly Denver of Miss Eastlake, the polished burglar of Mr. E. S. Willard, and Mr. George Barrett's artistic delineation of the faithful old retainer of "The Silver King"—each parodied so humorously and with such good humour in the diverting burlesque of "Silver Guilt" at the Strand by Mr. Edward Righon, Miss Laura Linden, Miss Edith Bruce, and Mr. Robert Brough—retain their old popularity at the Princess's. It also continues to be one of the conspicuous merits of "The Silver King" that the minor characters are still sustained with similar care and finish.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Judic, and the Trans-Atlantic luminary Miss Lillian Russell, are very well in their way; and when they do London the honour to appear at the Gaiety Theatre, we troop readily to see and admire them. But I am sure our young friends, the "Mashers," will agree with me in this, that the proper study of mankind at the Gaiety is—burlesque, interpreted by Miss Nelly Farren, that gifted embodiment of the poetry of motion, Miss Kate Vaughan (when procurable), the pretty and sprightly Miss Constance Gilchrist, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Arthur Williams, and the rest of the lively company engaged by Mr. John Hollingshead. Under these circumstances, no doubt need be entertained that "High Life Below Stairs" and "The Critic," which old-fashioned farce and burlesque have taken the place of the comic opera of "Virginia and Paul," are but stop-gaps till the "sacred lamp" can be refilled and regarnished, and re-illuminated—in other words, till Mr. F. C. Burnand bids his faithful "Ariel" fly, and "The Tempest" of Shakspeare is parodied at the Gaiety by the gifted Editor of *Punch*.

A play which shall evoke the shrillest whistles of appreciation when its hero appears in the nick of time to rescue the virtuous maiden in distress, or shall call down upon the head of the unabashed villain volleys of groans and a hurricane of hisses—that is the kind of play to command success at the Surrey Theatre, as the present Managers, Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Paul Meritt, very well know. The boards whereon Mr. T. P. Cooke, as William, "played the fiddle like an angel," and defended "Black-Eyed Susan" with the gallantry of a true-born English sailor, are, accordingly, well occupied by Mr. George R. Sims's sensationally romantic gipsy drama of "The Romany Rye." I own I missed the wonderfully natural and realistic touch of art Mr. George Barrett gave us as the original Boss Knivett when "The Romany Rye" was first produced at the Princess's. But the laugh-compelling lines Mr. Sims put into the mouth of this droll London thief elicited the customary tribute of mirth at the Surrey. It may, indeed, be admitted that "The Romany Rye" is, on the whole, creditably acted at this popular transpontine house, whereat the impressionable audience's spontaneous expressions of approval or disapproval are in themselves as good as a play. Jack Hearne, the wandering artist, who is wellnigh "bashed" to death at Wapping, and who valiantly takes part in a life-boat rescue ere he can settle down comfortably with the heroine to the family estates to which he is rightly entitled, finds a duly frank and gallant representative in Mr. T. F. Nye. With a little more animation and confidence, Miss Alice Raynor would be admirable as Gertie Hockett. Mr. E. Sass, however, is an adequately cool Philip Royston; and, as Lura, Miss Sophie Fane enacts the dark-eyed gipsy lass to the life. The cast of "The Romany Rye" would be greatly strengthened by the appearance of Mr. George Conquest himself, either as Joe Hockett or Boss Knivett, fairly well though these two parts are now impersonated by Mr. Cruickshank and Mr. Bell respectively.

The remarkably droll and clever "eccentric comedy"—that is to say, three-act farce—of "Confusion," by Mr. Joseph Derrick, a young dramatist new to fame, has received less notice than its merits demanded, simply because it first saw the footlights at a Vaudeville matinee. Promoted to the place of honour in the evening bill of the Vaudeville, "Confusion" has so tickled audiences with laughter that Mr. Thomas Thorne has retained the merry piece on the programme, and even organised a company to entertain the provinces with the plentiful crop of misunderstandings gathered in the breakfast-room of Jersey Lodge, Maidenhead. I defy the veriest stoic in the way of self-command to restrain a smile, and I may myself plead guilty to laughing boisterously, at the amusing situation skillfully led up to at the close of the first act. I refer to the dramatic point brought about by the gushing spinster, Miss Lucretia Trickleby, who caps the rich, love-making passages betwixt herself and the debonaire bachelor, Mr. Christopher Blizzard, by the discovery on the floor of a piece of a telegram which she supposes he had dropped, and which conveys to her this astounding message: "Come to town at once. Your baby is worse!" The fun becomes fast and furious (and would grow more so were the dialogue to be delivered more rapidly), when a baby and a pug dog are introduced into Jersey Lodge in the second act; and fresh complications are occasioned by the discovery of the baby hidden in a sideboard, and the finding of the dog in a cupboard. "Confusion" would, indeed, go all the more briskly were it to be compressed into the two acts. Zestfully enacted by Miss Sophie Larkin, incomparably the best actress to be found for the rôle of Lucretia; by Mr. Charles Groves as Blizzard, and Mr. Frederick Thorne and Miss Kate Phillips as James and Maria, the parents of the unfortunate infant; and by Mr. Charles Glenny, Mr. J. R. Crauford, Mr. W. Lestocq, and Miss Winifred Emery in the other prominent parts, "Confusion" helps materially to divert London in the dull season. It is worth while to take a seat at the Vaudeville by eight o'clock to see Mr. H. A. Jones's charming little Dutch picture of a comedy, "An Old Master," the delineation of which by Mr. Thorne, Miss Winifred Emery, Mrs. Canninge, Mr. J. R. Crauford, and Mr. Charles Groves, is in every way admirable.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's new play of "Vera," produced in New York on Tuesday, the 21st, would, scarcely seem to have met with the success which might fairly have been anticipated for it. The *New York Tribune* declares "Vera" to be "a foolish highly peppered story of love, intrigue, and politics, with Russian accessories of fur and dark lanterns, and overlaid with bantam gabble about freedom and the people. It was little better than fizzle." The scarcely more polite *New York Times* remarks that the play is "unreal, long-winded, and wear-

some;" while the *New York Herald* says "It is long drawn dramatic rot, a series of disconnected essays and sickening rant, with a coarse and common kind of cleverness." Coarse and common! These epithets are rather "rough" on the Archimago of culture.

To my mind Mr. Oscar Wilde—who, for all his eccentricities, is a great deal more clever than unthinking persons imagine him to be—would have acted far more wisely had he produced "Vera" in London instead of New York. English theatrical audiences like "a highly peppered story of love, intrigue, and politics." They like, in particular, "Russian accessories" in the way of fur and dark lanterns; and in particular they are passionately fond of fervid utterances about Freedom and the People. With handsome dresses, glittering scenery, and general "staging" regardless of expense, "Vera" might have achieved in London a brilliant success. Mr. Wilde should not be discouraged by the animadversions of his American critics. He should try his dramatic hand again, and may "strike ile" yet. G. A. S.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace is apparently making music a permanent attraction all through the year. We have already noticed the newly established Saturday evening concerts, the third of which was given last week, when a varied selection, vocal and instrumental, was performed, again under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. On Tuesday afternoon the promised autumn series of operas (in English and Italian) was begun with Wallace's "Maritana." The list of vocalists engaged for the season includes the names of Mesdames Rose Hersee, Cave Ashton, and Mariani, Misses M. Hood, E. Parkinson, A. Ross, J. Yorke, H. Armstrong, L. Franklin, and Palmer; Messrs. Turner, Parkinson, Mavrus, C. Lyall, F. Leigh, W. Bolton, Lansmere, Thorman, B. Sutton, Aynsley Cooke, W. Browne, and Griffin, and Signor Zoboli. The fine Crystal Palace orchestra, and a chorus from the Royal Italian Opera will contribute to the efficiency of the performances, which will be conducted by Mr. Manns.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened its autumn season last week at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, with Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda," which was very favourably received by an enormous audience.

Mr. John Thomas—the eminent harpist—has founded a scholarship, bearing his name, at the Royal Academy of Music, to be held for terms of three years. The first competition (for female vocalists) will take place on Sept. 29.

Rumours are rife as to the promised completion of the long unfinished opera-house on the Thames Embankment. It is said that Mr. Mapleson has made arrangements for the building to be finished in time for its opening for operatic performances in May next.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

The subsidence of the depression in the market for American Railways, which occurred on Tuesday week, was regarded as likely to prove permanent, and as no announcement of further failures in the United States was made, there seemed to be reasonable grounds for such an assumption. Hence some extensive purchases of various kinds of American Railways were made, both for provincial and Continental account. Those purchases, it became known, meant that a good deal of stock would be taken off the market at the next settlement, and this served to additionally improve the tone. Until the end of the week prices continued to come at a steady improvement, but on Monday the current once more changed. A determined "bear" attack was made in New York on Denver and Rio Grande common stock, with the result of seriously throwing down the price of that and of the Consolidated Mortgage Bonds. Various rumours were simultaneously put about to account for the fall; but as none of them have since been confirmed, it is unnecessary further to refer to them. Other stocks gave way at the same time to near the prices touched when the previous panic was at its height, and it is by no means certain that the raid on Denver Stocks was not designed to precipitate a renewed collapse in the market as a whole. This second breakdown has, however, induced yet more active purchases for account of home and Continental capitalists.

This latter feature is one that should greatly encourage those investors who bought at much higher prices, and have had it perseveringly dinned into their ears that there is neither money to put into American securities, nor inclination among the investing classes to have anything further to do with a class of property that has been brought into so much disrepute by the unprincipled tactics of Transatlantic operators. On the fact, however, that large numbers of solid buyers have come forward we have but another illustration of an old experience that, at a price, securities, to whatever degree they may have fallen into disrepute, will always find purchasers. The buying when it does set in is of that sound character that materially aids a substantial and permanent recovery, for the reason that it consists in an extensive absorption of stock that is taken up and locked away until better times arrive. In this way the operations of adverse speculators are rendered additionally risky, the success, as a rule, of such operations being, as is well known, directly proportional to the floating supply of stock speculated in. It cannot be positively asserted, on the other hand, that we have yet seen the worst of the American Crisis. Further troubles may yet be in store; but it is a gratifying and encouraging circumstance that a worse condition of things than has actually developed seems from the state of the speculative "account" in New York to have been largely discounted.

Gas stocks have of late had a strong rebound, and all trace of the scare produced by the Electric Light movement has practically been swept away. The latter method of illumination, there can be no reasonable doubt, is in the future destined to play a great part in street and domestic lighting; but the day seems yet far distant when gas will be dislodged from its present pre-eminent position. In the meantime, both the public and the gas companies have greatly benefited by the threatened competition, the former by the better light that has been served to them, and the latter by the activity to which they have been stimulated to turn to profitable account the waste products generated in the process of manufacturing gas. Some of the large iron manufacturers are already entering the field as competitors in this new industry; but the area is a wide one, and there is no need for investors in gas shares to take alarm at the competition referred to, great as is the stress some people have sought to lay on it.

A favourable feature is a rebound in Hudson's Bay shares. At their worst they were as low as 23, but towards the end of last week there were evidences of the bottom being reached, and the "bears" resorted to fresh devices, but only with the effect of showing their hand so plainly that their accounts were regarded as in desperate straits, and thereupon a reaction set in; and as I write the price is 25, or a gain of 2 this week.

It is not easy to balance off the real state of such a market, but the appearances are that large permanent investments are now being made, and that the course of this particular market will now be upwards.

The traffics of the Mexican Railway Company have begun to pick up after a period of very poor "takes," resulting from the outbreak of yellow fever at Vera Cruz; and the price of the Ordinary Stock has shown a sensible improvement. The rise, however, has not been a little due to the extensive dimensions of the "bear" account, a premium ("backwardation") of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent having been paid by speculative sellers for the loan of stock at the recent settlement. T. S.

THE SCILLY ISLES.

Like everything else in this convenient world, for those who have leisure and money to go where they will, the terrestrial distribution of the globe's surface presents sufficient diversity for a variety of human tastes and fancies. Some minds prefer the sense of geographical security, the ample leg-room, or the opportunity of unlimited railway travelling, that is afforded by a vast continent. We remember the American who complained of England, of what we erroneously call Great Britain, the first day of his sojourn upon our shores. "This damned island," said he, "is cruel pretty, but so almighty small, that I daren't walk about for fear of falling off the edge of it." There are many smaller islands along its western and south-western coasts, and in the neighbouring French and Irish Channels. Some of us, with a native predilection for minute insularity, at least in our holiday excursions, delight in a brief sojourn at Guernsey, Jersey, or even the romantic islet of Sark. Others will go farther and farther west—not to the Great West, as the American does from Boston or New York, but to an extremely Little West, twenty-five miles beyond our remote Land's End. A steam-boat trip of four hours from Penzance, well out into the Atlantic, where the big waves of the ocean roll into the narrow British seas, with the warm current of the Gulf Stream and the soft airs of a semi-tropical clime, though often roused to violence, in the winter season, by tempestuous disturbance, brings the summer voyager to the curious Scilly Isles. Our Artist has been there, and some of his Sketches appear in this week's pages.

These British Hesperides may possibly, in some prehistoric age, have been productive of gold, but it is more certain that they yielded tin, like the nearest shore of Cornwall, to Phœnicians and other ancients, sailing northward from Gades, in quest of metallic treasure. No tin-mines are worked in Scilly now. No dragon is fabled to have kept guard here over the riches of the rocky ground, though within the realm of Uther Pendragon, a predecessor of famous King Arthur. In the tenth century of the Christian era, when the Norse Vikings gained possession of many coasts and islands, from the Shetlands and Orkneys, and in the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, and the Irish shores, they became masters also of the Scilly Isles. In later ages, this dominion was claimed for the Crown of England, but the French, Spanish, and other maritime nations often sent their ships to do what they pleased with Scilly. Queen Elizabeth leased the territorial lordship of these isolated fragments of the Duchy of Cornwall to the Godolphin family, who surrendered it to the Crown in 1831. The late Mr. Augustus Smith then or soon afterwards became the local proprietor, with large manorial privileges, and did a great deal for the improvement of the islands, and for the industrial and social benefit of the people. His successor, Mr. Smith-Dorrien, of Tresco Abbey, Scilly, and of Berkhamstead, Herts, is now patron of this detached portion of the West of England.

A view of Tresco Abbey, or rather of the mansion which takes this name from the ruins of an old monastic building in the gardens here, once dedicated to St. Nicholas by monks from the greater Abbey of Tavistock, heads the page of Sketches; together with a glimpse of the luxuriant exotic vegetation in the gardens, where aloes and yuccas, bamboos and dracenas, as well as myrtles attaining the stature of trees, with verbenums and geraniums of extraordinary growth, prove the genial influence of the local climate, being cherished, as we have said, by the warm air that accompanies the Gulf Stream, making one think of the Madeira and the Azores.

The larger island, St. Mary's, is only divided from Tresco by a strait two miles broad. It is larger; and the townsmen of the metropolitan city, which is called Hughtown, sometimes talk of "taking a walk into the country," whereas they might walk all round the shores in less than an hour. But the aforesaid Yankee could find standing-room here, seeing that several thousand people have space to dwell on the Scilly Isles. Besides Hughtown, which has a "principal street," with shops and hotels, shipbuilders' yards, the Star Fort, or Elizabeth Castle, built in 1593, and modern seaward batteries, this island has an ancient capital, which is called Old Town. The old church here is now used for the cemetery chapel, and is shown in one of our Sketches. On the windy hill of High Town is the conspicuous windmill, another object delineated by the Artist of this Journal. But his attention has been more fully directed to the picturesque rocks of Scilly; those most especially of Pen-Innis (in pure Celtic, the Head of the Island), which have been chopped and hewn by a thousand storms, by the giant forces of wave and weather, into such fantastic shapes as we see. Granite arches, towers, and spires, or the mimic presentments of grim primeval monsters, as conceived by the imagination, once endowed with terrific life, stare at the wondering visitor; and piles of enormous boulders, poised in seemingly untenable positions, threaten to fall into the sea.

There are many little islands, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, and Bryher, being inhabited, all lying within a circuit of thirty miles. Their soil produces scanty crops of barley and oats, potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, while the fishery and the coasting trade employ some hundreds of hands. The Bishop Rock Lighthouse, seven miles to the west, is a magnificent work of the Trinity House Corporation. Shipwrecks, with great losses of life, have frequently occurred amongst the dangerous reefs that lie submerged around these islands. The worst disaster in our time was that of the German emigrant-ship, the Schiller, in May, 1875, when more than three hundred poor people were drowned. In 1707, four ships of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's squadron were lost, with the Admiral and two thousand of his men. The Scilly Islands have a history of their own, maritime and political, the incidents of which are not unworthy of study. A ruined fort named Charles's Castle, opposed to another which bears the name of Oliver's Castle, though neither Cromwell nor the King came here, recalls the memories of the Civil Wars. The natural history, the geology and botany, of these isles will repay the scientific observer for learning their peculiarities. A few days' holiday time may thus be wisely spent in Scilly pursuits and enjoyments.

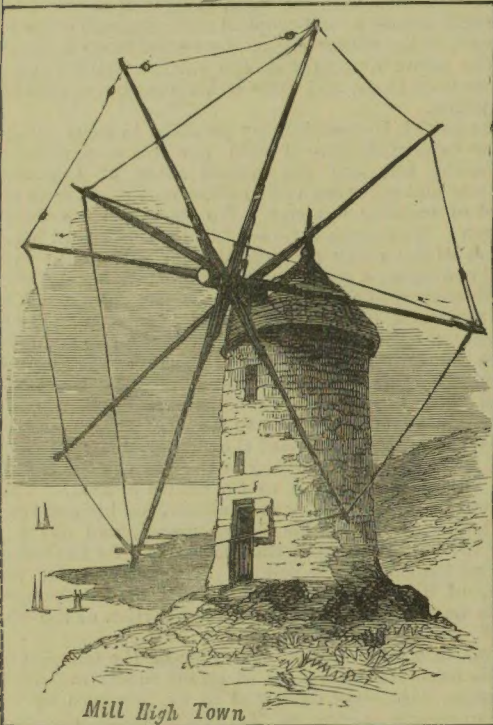
Messrs. Doulton and Co. have received from the Amsterdam Exhibition the diploma of honour, the highest award, for their artistic pottery; and the highest award for pianos, the diploma of honour, has been accorded to Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of London.



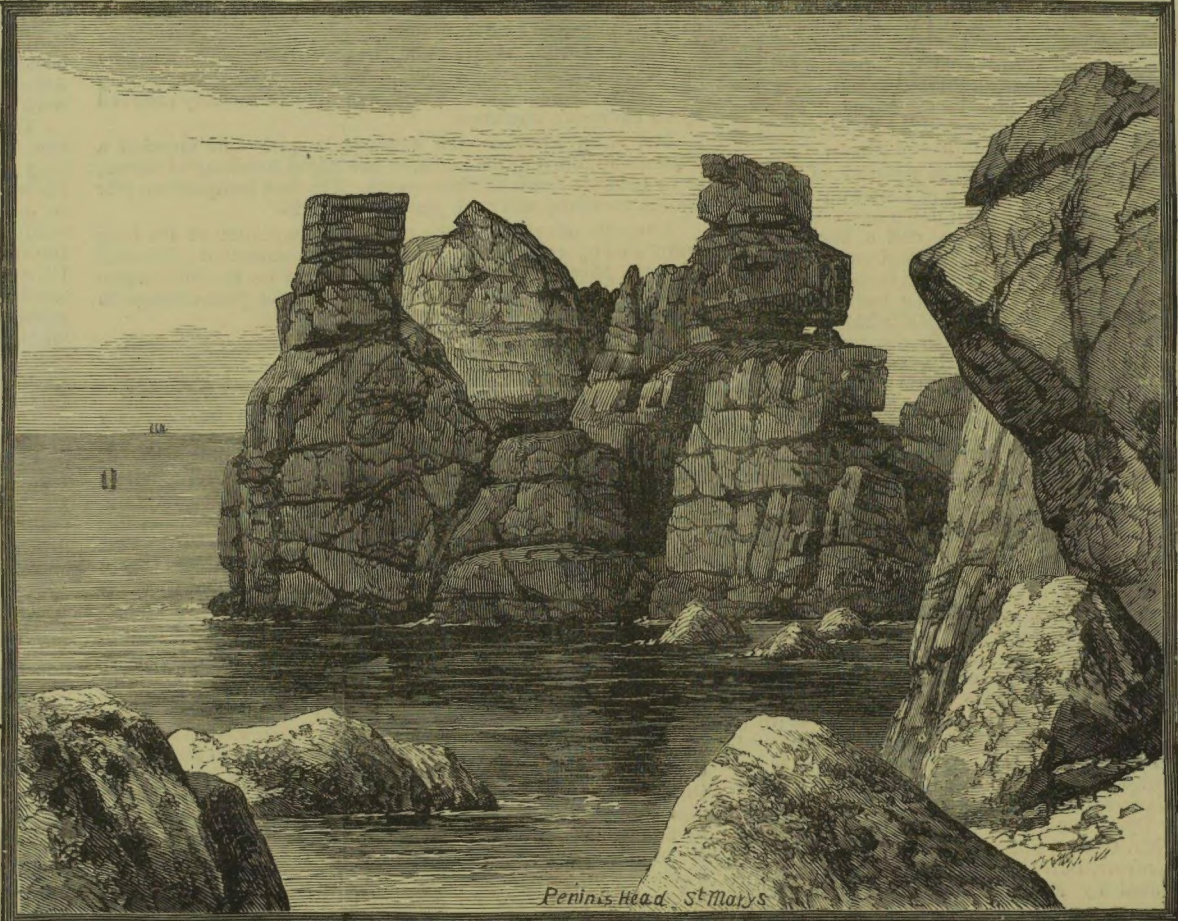
Tresco Abbey



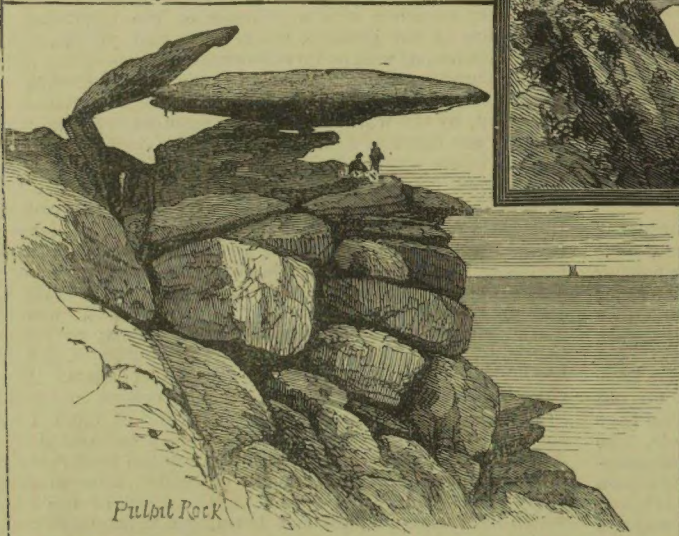
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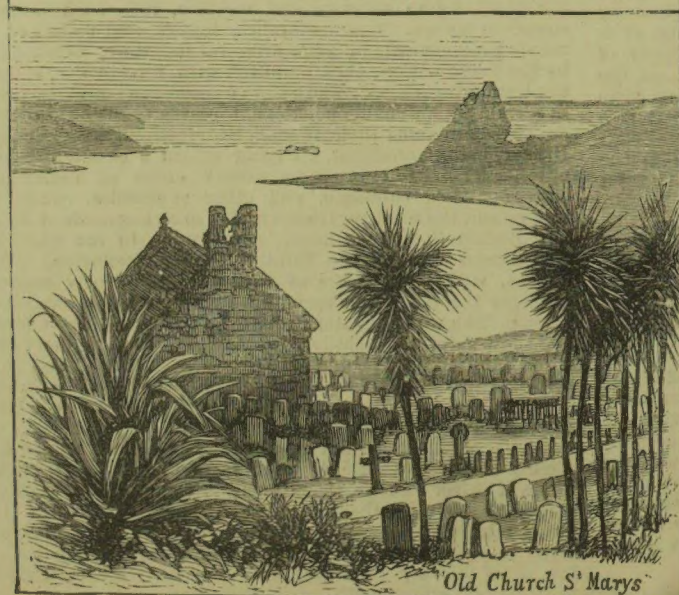
Mill High Town



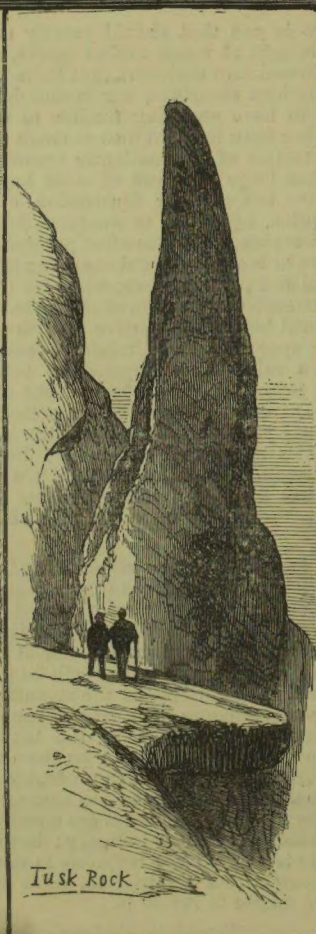
Pennis Head St Marys



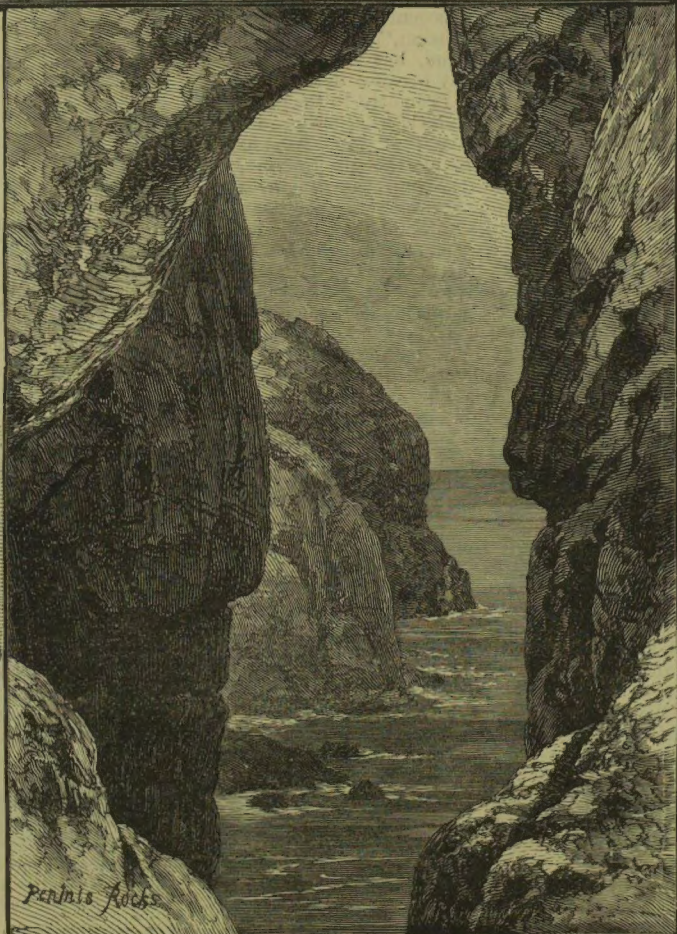
Pulbit Rock



Old Church S' Marys



Tusk Rock



Pennis Rocks



AN OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW.

AN OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW.

The situation and the feelings of this poor gentleman are discerned at a glance. He has ventured, in spite of conscious poverty, to call at the stately residence of his former companion, perhaps a successful lawyer, and even Chief Justice or Chancellor, in the faint hope of a little friendly aid; not a gift or loan of money, if he can possibly live without it, but the exercise of some official or social influence in his favour, that he may obtain some modest appointment, which will not cost the patron a shilling. We have all known many such cases in our own experience of life, and there is no more critical test of the moral worth of a man who has risen in the world, than his manner of dealing with applications of this kind. Although it is probable that a due sense of public or private responsibility may often require him to decline gratifying his personal affection by supporting a candidate who has no other claim than that of having been his comrade in youthful sports and studies, the necessary refusal should be tempered with heart-felt sympathy and kind remembrance of the past. The petitioner, for his part, should not be too humble, if he has done nothing to be ashamed of since their school-days; for though he may and ought to recognise, without an envious thought, any real superiority of talents, of enterprise, and professional industry, which may have raised the other to a position of rank and wealth, he should maintain his own self-respect, and offer his frank congratulations rather than the old standpoint of their former equality in the free intercourse of boyhood. If the two men can so behave to each other, meeting again, under these altered conditions, after the lapse of thirty or forty years, both are true gentlemen, such as the English public school system is calculated to rear, and such as form the best English society, whether one be rich or poor, famous or obscure, powerful or insignificant, in its community of refined and disciplined manhood. The footman takes in the poor gentleman's card or note, which My Lord or Sir Arthur will presently read. Will he see him now? and if so, what will he say to him? Can he, will he, or would he, if he could, "do anything for him?"

THE EDINBURGH LOAN EXHIBITION.

It appears that the Scottish Board of Manufacturers have under their special charge the interests of Art and Art Education in the north. This is surely as it ought to be, and recalls to our memory the fact that this union of the useful with the beautiful is by no means a matter of yesterday, and that, in the palmiest days of the Renaissance, the great masters of Italy were not above exercising their invention and furnishing designs for the cunning textiles of the Flemish weavers.

This Scottish Board, then, mindful of their high functions, resolved to bring together in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, such a collection of the "Works of Old Masters and of Scottish National Portraits" as would be worthy of the country of George Jamesone, Raeburn, and Wilkie. Nor, with the assistance of those noble houses who still cultivate a sense of their responsibilities and a reverence for the art-treasures which they have inherited, have the board been unsuccessful.

Their efforts, indeed, have resulted in a very positive and palpable triumph, and such an assemblage of great works has never before been seen in Scotland. Besides the "Drawings of Old Masters," lent by Mr. Francis Abbott, numbering nearly ninety examples, varying from Andrea Mantegna and Albert Dürer, down to Nicholas Poussin and Pietro Beretini da Cortona—by no means the least interesting portion of the exhibition—the collection reaches five hundred and fifty-four works, and illustrates almost every known school.

Like our own gatherings of Old Masters in Burlington House, the collection here is by no means without reproach. Not a few of the examples are of very doubtful authenticity, and one could, without any very great difficulty, exhaust the fingers of both hands in totting up the pictures which are palpably spurious. But this not in any greater degree than in the London winter exhibition; and, so far as general quality goes, the Edinburgh gathering will compare with similar exhibitions anywhere.

To Scotland itself it is peculiarly interesting, both from the historic and the artistic points of view. With the pictures of Continental schools we need scarcely trouble ourselves very much. Many of the best of them are familiar to the frequenters of the Burlington House exhibitions, and it may suffice if we name but a few of the more notable.

The North Room, in which one finds oneself on entering, is devoted exclusively to Scottish portraits, and in the great majority of cases these are by Scottish painters, to whom we shall return presently. These are continued into the next room, called the North Octagon, intermingling largely, however, with other masters, against whom the best of the Scottish painters have some difficulty in holding their own. This our readers will readily understand when we say that among the aliens—if we dare use such a phrase in relation to the masters of an art which in its loftier moods knows no country—are such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others.

Under the First Archway we come upon undoubted examples of Correggio, Zuccarelli, Zoffany, and Zuccherò, from the collections of Lords Elphinstone, Rosslyn, and Tweeddale. The "Centre Octagon" is enriched with several examples of the Van Mieris family, from the gallery of the Right Hon. John Inglis; and the names of Canaletto and Guardi, Jan Eyt and John Both, Vandyck and Snyders, Rembrandt and Frank Holl—not to mention sundry Italian masters of renown—occur without ever exciting a moment's doubt.

Among the contributors to this room is her Majesty the Queen, who sends two of Sir David Wilkie's inimitable examples of his earlier manner—viz., "Blind Man's Buff" and "The Penny Wedding."

The Premier Duke of Scotland, with whatever else he may have parted, appears, like Charles Surface, to have stood dutifully by the ancestral portraits. There are four or five of them in this room, besides those in others; and, indeed, to judge by the number of high class works he has contributed to this exhibition, one begins to doubt whether there ever was in London such a thing as a Hamilton sale at all.

Among the important contributors, also, are Miss Nisbet Hamilton, Miss Aytoun, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lothian, Sir W. Fettes Douglas, the worthy President of the Scottish Academy, the Earl of Lindsay, Mr. Archibald Coates, Sir George Douglas Clerk, the Marquis of Bute, the Earls of Hopetoun, Haddington, Fife, Aberdeen, Wemyss, and Elgin. Indeed, the only Scottish nobleman of recognised taste and culture who has not sent of his treasures to this exhibition is the Earl of Southesk. This is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as he is the owner of half a dozen of the best George Jamesones in Scotland, among them being the portrait of the great Montrose, when a lad, and about the time of his early marriage.

The Second Octagon, after we pass through the Second Archway, is succeeded by the South Octagon, which, in its turn, gives upon the Small Octagon, and that upon the South

Room which completes the suite of apartments forming the National Gallery of Scotland.

Returning to the first room, which is mainly devoted to the Scottish School, and gazing round its far too crowded walls—a fault which distresses the visitor in almost every room which he enters—one is tempted, while acknowledging the general propriety of the hanging, to marvel that the *amor patriæ*, which one has always been accustomed to regard as a specially distinguishing characteristic of the Scottish people, did not prompt the committee to give a more honourable place to Robert Burns's "Bonnie Jean," a well-painted portrait by John Giffillan of the poet's sensible and appreciative wife; and especially to that of George Jamesone, who was certainly the first in Scotland to elevate the practice of the limner into the region of art, and to place his own country, at the commencement of our native revival, on a fair level with that of England.

This portrait of "The Artist in his Studio," palette in hand, pointing with the other towards the wall, which is adorned with his own pictures, and one by his master, Rubens, hangs near the floor, and yet was painted by Jamesone himself. He wears, as usual, his broad, black beaver hat, and a plain, flat linen collar. He has long brown hair and dark-blue observant eyes, and, in spite of his fashionable moustaches and broad sombrero, has altogether the look of a placid, unassuming man. The Earl of Seafield, to whom this undoubted Jamesone belongs, has had the picture lately cleaned, which enables us to see that the artist's handling was thin and smooth, with a tendency rather to sweetness than strength, and his colouring in this, as in most of his works, is pleasingly harmonious.

On the opposite wall hang two Jamesones very characteristic of the painter. They belong to Lord Elphinstone, and represent "the Earl of Wigton"—a fair-haired gentleman, with pointed beard and brushed back moustaches, wearing a closely buttoned-up tunic and trunk hose of a light chocolate colour, trimmed with silver, his collar and cuffs being deep and vandycked; and the "Countess of Wigton," which is also a three-quarter length. She is a grand, open-bosomed dame, of portly proportions, wearing a rich black dress, slashed red and yellow, holding in her left hand a red carnation and in her right, which hangs by her side, a flower, made apparently of diamonds. She has a high lace collar, and one of the most prominent features of her attire is a white Turkish feather, which shoots out defiantly from the right side of her head-gear. These are a couple of as fine Jamesones as we know, and there are not many of his in Scotland with which we are not familiar.

"Drummond of Hawthornden, at the age of twenty-three," poet and friend of Ben Jonson, is an open-eyed, fair-haired youth, with a small pointed beard and a very slight moustache, having a sweet but rather reserved expression of mouth. There is another portrait of the poet by Jamesone, belonging to Sir Arthur Halkett, in the North Octagon, which we need scarcely tarry to describe.

There are two "Unknown Portraits," but undoubted Jamesones, belonging to the Earl of Stair, and a very good one of the Third Earl of Haddington, from the gallery of his descendant, the present holder of the title; but the face which will have most interest for those who delight in the romances of history is that of Lady Jean Gordon, the wife whom Bothwell divorced before he married Mary Stuart. We see her now in her old age, in a black hooded dress, holding her beads to her breast, looking at you keenly, but not unkindly, with her large, bright, intelligent eyes, while her patrician lips wear an incipient smile. The withering hand of time has touched what was once a stately neck, and every feature in her face proclaims the quondam beauty.

Of many of the portraits here the author is stated in the catalogue to be "unknown," and the Hon. R. Baillie-Hamilton would have been well advised had he substituted that word for G. Jamesone, to whom he attributes the splendid full-length figure of a kilted chief. If he possesses the authentic history of the picture, well and good; but we can scarcely bring our minds to believe that the kind of flint-lock gun with a barrel some five feet in length, with the wood of the stock running all the way to its muzzle, existed in the first half of the seventeenth century. The painting and details of the gold-embroidered jacket with its sleeves slashed with white are by a bolder and firmer hand than Jamesone's. The kilt and plaid, the end of the latter hanging over his left arm, are evidently of a piece which would take the period of its painting back a hundred and fifty years; but the check is no known clan pattern, and the texture, like the picture generally, has a foreign look. The hose are of a red and black diagonal pattern, and is known popularly as the Rob Roy tartan. The flesh of the legs, like that of the face, is clearly and smoothly painted; but the knee of the left leg, on which he leans, is scarcely high enough to be in true perspective. This white-plumed chief stands beneath an umbrageous tree, and across the background runs a huntsman, or gillie, with a spear in his hand. To the archaeologist the picture is of great interest, and, were its owner to take a little trouble, we have no doubt he would arrive at the name both of the unknown chief and the unknown painter. Its probable date would, in our opinion, be about the early years of last century.

It is a thankless task thus to challenge the authenticity of a man's art-treasures; but the interests of Art itself will not be gained; and it is always more comfortable for the owner, in the long run, to say that the artist of such a portrait or the portrait itself is unknown than to attach a name to it which, sooner or later, must be withdrawn. We cannot think Lord Elphinstone right, for example, in attributing his Bishop Elphinstone, with his mitred head, jewelled hands palm to palm, and his pastoral crook in his arms, to William of Bruges. The portrait is either the original or the replica of the one in King's College, Aberdeen; but neither is by William of Bruges.

Again, A. V. Smith Sligo may have authority for saying that the pretty child in lace dressing-gown, seated on a crimson pillow, holding a rose in his left hand and wearing a laurel wreath round his close-fitting baby's cap, is the Chevalier St. George; but neither the Chevalier nor his son had grey eyes; and, if it be answered that the colour of eyes has been known to change, one would scarcely say that a strongly marked dimple in childhood would vanish when that child reaches man's estate.

But we have more than exceeded our space. We should have liked very much to trace on these walls the history of Scottish Art, and through it of Scotland itself—for most of the portraits are of national interest—from Jamesone's time onwards. Suffice it to say that Art has never since lacked a witness in this northern realm of ours, and that the present exhibition, for extent, variety, and interest, is an honour to Scotland, and would be so to any land.

J. F. R.

A serious subsidence of land took place at Boosbeck, near Guisborough, Yorkshire, on Monday through mining operations, when between fifty and sixty houses were wrecked. A number of dwellings were destroyed by a smaller subsidence a short time ago. Portions of several of the buildings have fallen, whilst others are in a tottering condition.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty's family party at Osborne has broken up, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, with his daughters, Princesses Victoria, Elizabeth, and Irene, have returned to Germany, travelling from Cowes to Havre in the Royal yacht Osborne, Captain Rose. The Earl of Kimberley had an audience with the Queen yesterday week, and also presented to her Majesty Señor Mariscal, the Mexican Special Envoy, and the Thakore Sahib of Morvi, the Thakore Sahib of Wadhwan, and the Thakore Sahib of Gondal, with their attachés, Princess Beatrice being present. Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine service on Sunday, performed by the Rev. H. White, at Osborne. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Countess of Dornberg lunched with the Queen on Monday, and the Judge Advocate-General had an audience of her Majesty. The Earl of Derby, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, General Sir Archibald Alison, the Rev. Canon Prothero and Mrs. Prothero, the Rev. H. White, and Captain Thornton, of her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, have dined with the Queen.

The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Bellevue, Copenhagen, on the 16th inst., and were received by the King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince and Princess, and other members of the Danish Royal family. Her Royal Highness was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd which had assembled to witness her arrival. The Princess drove to the Royal Palace at Bernstorff. The Duke and Duchess of Chartres, with their children, and the Marquis de Bouille lunched at Bernstorff the next day.

Her Majesty's corvette Canada, Captain F. Durrant, having on board Prince George of Wales, arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, from Halifax, on Monday. The Canada will proceed along the Labrador coast, reaching Quebec about Sept. 7.

Prince and Princess Christian gave an afternoon party at Cumberland Lodge a few days since. Prince Christian, accompanied by his sons, Princes Christian Victor and Albert, visited the camp of the pontoon troop Royal Engineers at Rannymede, yesterday week, and witnessed a series of bridging operations.

The Eastern counties have been honoured by the Royal family in the exercise of philanthropy, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught having visited Great Grimsby to inaugurate a people's park, presented to the town by Mr. E. Heneage; and Norwich, to open the new buildings of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital (the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1879), besides performing other charitable duties. The proceedings at Great Grimsby are related elsewhere. The Duke and Duchess proceeded to Norwich on Monday, travelling by special train to Thorpe station, where they were received by the Earl of Leicester, the civic dignitaries, Mr. S. Gurney Buxton, and others interested in the programme of the visit. An address was presented, allusion being made in it to the residence of the Duke in that city in 1874 and 1875, when he was quartered there with the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars. His Royal Highness in a few graceful words replied. The Royal cortège proceeded by way of Prince of Wales-road, London-street, and the Market-place, to the hospital, where Prince Albert Victor of Wales had already arrived, with Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Birkbeck, with whom he had been staying at Horstead Hall since Saturday. The Mayor entertained the Royal party and other distinguished guests at luncheon at the hospital, after which the Duke performed the opening ceremony, in which the Cathedral Choir, accompanied by the band of the 7th Hussars, took part. His Royal Highness accepted a silver key given by the Sheriff of Norwich, and a handsomely-bound brochure presented by the Chairman of the Building Committee, giving an account of the birth and parentage of the new hospital, as mementoes. After inspecting the institution, their Royal Highnesses patronised the bazaar which was held in the hospital in aid of the building-fund, the stall-keepers being of the chief ladies of the county, the stalls held by the Countess of Leicester and the Hon. Mrs. Birkbeck being attractive with numerous valuable birds and animals sent by the Prince of Wales from Sandringham. The Royal visitors proceeded to Catton House, the residence of Mr. S. Gurney Buxton and Miss Buxton, whose guests they were for the night. The Norwich Artillery and Rifle Volunteers were on duty, and the city was en fête. An amateur concert in St. Andrew's Hall, on behalf of the hospital funds, was attended by the Duke and Duchess in the evening, and on Tuesday they inspected the Cathedral, and lunched with Canon Heaviside, leaving Norwich by the 2.55 train for London.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany have fixed Oct. 13 to pay their promised visit to Huddersfield Fine-Art and Industrial Exhibition, and to open Beaumont Park.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, with their children, returned to St. James's Palace from Westgate-on-Sea on Monday.

The week's festivities at all the villages in Wiltshire and Somersetshire, on the estates of the Marquis of Bath, in celebration of the coming of age of Viscount Weymouth, the son of the Marquis, ended in a garden fête at Longleat House on Tuesday, to which over 1400 persons were invited. The entertainment included a luncheon, dancing in two large marquees, vocal and acrobatic entertainments, music by the band of the Royal Artillery, and a display of fireworks. Frome and Warminster sent addresses to Longleat, that of the latter being in a silver casket; and the sword and sabretache presented by the Warminster troop Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry, which is under the command of the Marquis of Bath, were accompanied by an address, and the presentation also took place at Longleat, Lord Weymouth acknowledging, in a feeling manner, the addresses.

Miss Lopes, eldest daughter of Sir Massey Lopes, Bart., M.P., was married to Mr. Henry Prescott Hatch, of Brooklyn, New York, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, last Saturday.

The marriage of Captain Webbe, 15th Hussars, and Lady Cecilia Hay will take place in London in October.

Lord and Lady Carrington's infant daughter was baptised in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, by the Rev. Canon Knollys, assisted by the Rev. Francis Garden, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, on Saturday last. Lady Sheffield, Lady Hastings, and the Hon. Rupert Carrington were sponsors.

Doctor Connolly and his brother Patrick Connolly, both residing at Bruff, county Limerick, have been lodged in the county jail, on remand, charged with conspiring to murder certain Government officers, landlords, bailiffs, and others.

There were 2652 births and 1487 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 27 and the deaths 149 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. Two persons died from smallpox, 70 from measles, 35 from scarlet fever, 9 from diphtheria, 26 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus, 9 from enteric fever, and 119 from dysentery.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

PARIS—LILLE—OSTEND.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

Ostend, Aug. 20.

To anyone who intends visiting Holland and Belgium I would say, "Mind you go to Lille." The route by which I came from Paris to Ostend is not frequently chosen by tourists, nevertheless it is interesting enough in its way. From Paris to Arras you pass through an undulating agricultural country. Towards Douai the windmills begin to appear, and the vast plain of Lille is thickly studded with black mills and their whirling, dingy red sails. Lille itself is a very large and prosperous manufacturing town, a sort of French Manchester, and except the Exchange—a brick and stone structure rich in caryatides and medallions and garlands, begun under the Spanish domination in the middle of the seventeenth century—there is no monument to be visited. The thing to do is to make straight for the picture galleries in the Mairie. The Musée de Peinture de Lille is perhaps the richest collection in France outside the Parisian collections. The Flemish and Dutch schools are represented most brilliantly by eight large compositions by Rubens and two fine portraits by Van Dyck, to say nothing of Jordaens and Teniers. The pictures of the modern French school are alone worth going to Lille to see, notably Courbet's famous "Après-dînée à Ornans" and Delacroix's "Medea killing her children," a splendid painting, as brilliant in colour as the day it left the studio. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the Courbet, which is growing very dark, owing to the working out of the bitumen largely employed by that artist in his figure-subjects. Then there is a scene in the forest of Fontainebleau by Troyon; two of Carolus Duran's finest works, "L'Assassiné" and "La dame au chien"; Jules Breton's "Plantation d'un Calvaire," painted in 1827, and representing a numerous procession of clergy and villagers carrying the image of Christ out of the church towards the wooden cross that is awaiting it in the churchyard, beyond which we see in the background the red-tiled roofs of the village; Paul Baudry's "Supplice d'une Vestale"; J. F. Millet's "La Becquée," a delicious picture, representing a peasant mother feeding three little rosy-cheeked children, sitting in a row on a door-sill. Amongst the pictures of the old French school there are important works by Greuze, Prudhon, and Arnold de Vuez, a native artist, whose works are to be seen only at Lille; a number of curious historical portraits by Boilly, including his Triumph of Marat, &c. But, besides its nine hundred pictures, many of them of the very first importance, the museum of Lille possesses an incomparable treasure in the Wicar collection of drawings of the ancient and modern masters. The collection comprises more than 1400 drawings, mostly by the Italian masters, and including sixty-eight drawings of Raphael, one of which is a study for the "School of Athens." Amongst the French drawings I recommend to the visitor's attention the excessively rare drawings by Boilly, some exquisite female heads by J. B. Augustin, the drawing by Decamps, representing a man hung, the drawing by Carot and Millet—particularly a pastel by Millet representing two women bathing—some drawings of dogs by Henri Regnault, and a fine pastel by Latour. The museum of Lille is decidedly to be visited, and then, after a surfeit of art, you can take a walk along the river Deule and the canals, with their quaint bridges, and almost imagine yourself in Holland, particularly when you hear the natives talking Flemish.

The route from Lille to Ostend is rather wearisome, because there are no express-trains, and you seem to be stopping about every five minutes. Still, for some time you can take an interest in the numerous canals and windmills, and you notice the vegetation becoming of a richer and darker green. At Roubaix you are struck by the fact that all the houses have gambrel roofs—that is to say, roofs whose slope is broken in the middle and thence descends almost perpendicularly. The whole town, with its deep-red brick and tile structures, looks very charming, with the dark green background of fields and trees illuminated by a golden sunset. At Mouscron, the frontier station, you can make comparative studies of languages by deciphering the polyglot inscriptions painted on the walls. At Courtrai you may remark the increasing use of dogs as beasts of draught, and then go to sleep until you reach Ostend, for there is absolutely nothing to see but corn-fields, patches of beet-root, pasture land, bleaching-grounds, gambrel roofs, and an occasional windmill. The country is flat beyond all conception. In the whole distance from Paris to Ostend there is not a single tunnel.

Ostend I find to be a most civilised and inviting place, peculiarly favourable to inactivity of all kinds. The town is amusing, with plenty of shops; the sand beach immense, and affording capital bathing. The old-fashioned bathing-machines are used, but they are clean and comfortable. Apart from the sea-bathing, the distractions of Ostend are promenade on the splendid esplanade of the Digue de la Mer from early morning until late at night; fishing with nets on the estacade or pier—little square nets suspended from poles fixed at an angle to the pier, and wound up and down to and from the water by means of a little windlass; regattas; an occasional horse-race; fireworks; and the innumerable distractions offered by the Kursaal, which consist of instrumental concerts at least twice a day, an unceremonious and very jolly dance every evening, reading-rooms, music-rooms, a restaurant, a café, billiard-rooms, and interminable lounging and gossiping and gazing at the sea. With sunshine, agreeable company, good music, a good cigar, a comfortable chair, a good cup of coffee before him on a neat little table, the spectacle of his fellow-loungers, and beyond them of the sands and the ocean, what more can a holiday seeker desire? T. C.

The end of the Count de Chambord seems to be rapidly approaching. He gave a final blessing to his relations on Tuesday, and on Wednesday received the last sacraments.—A bust of Daguerre, the inventor of photography, is to be unveiled in his native village, Cormeilles, near Paris, next Sunday (to-morrow). He lived there from 1787 to 1798.—The procession, on the occasion of the Festival of the Assumption, on Sunday at Boulogne, was of a more elaborate character than has been witnessed for years. The weather was all that could be desired, and, in addition to the vast number of visitors spending the summer at Boulogne, 6000 excursionists had arrived from the northern departments and from England to witness the ceremony.—A member of the Geographical Society of Paris recently deceased, M. Léon Poirier, has left to that institution one third of his fortune, the interest of which is to be devoted once every three years to granting an annuity to the Frenchman who shall have most distinguished himself by his travels in the interests of science and commerce. Should there be more than one claimant, the annuity is in no case to exceed 1500*fr.*

King Alfonso left Madrid yesterday week to make a tour among the disaffected garrison towns in the north. But first his route lay to the east coast, and a warm reception was given to the young Monarch in Valencia, the City of the Cid, where he landed in 1875, when he returned to Spain to receive the crown. On Saturday his Majesty reviewed the garrison, and

received gratifying proofs of the loyalty of the troops. The King left Valencia on Monday morning. The people crowded the platform at all the stations en route. On arriving at Castellon his Majesty descended from the train, and, mounting an open carriage without escort, visited the principal parts of the picturesque place amid the cheers of the populace. He was afterwards present at the celebration of a Te Deum in the church, and then left the town. The civil authorities of Barcelona proceeded to Villafranca, situated on the border of the province, to receive King Alfonso. The Royal train shortly afterwards arrived, and his Majesty was accompanied by the authorities to the capital, where he arrived at six. On Tuesday he held an official reception in the Townhall, and afterwards reviewed the garrison troops. The King is reported to have been heartily received by the inhabitants of all the towns en route.

The King of the Belgians on Sunday afternoon inaugurated the twenty-fifth annual "Tir National." About one hundred English volunteers and several contingents from other countries are attending this competition. There were gratuitous performances at the theatre in the evening, a banquet to the English and foreign riflemen at the Bourse, a *fête de nuit* in the park, with fireworks and a general illumination of the town and the tower of the Hôtel de Ville with Bengal lights. On Monday the shooting began; a bull was given in the evening at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in honour of the foreign riflemen, and was a brilliant success. The King was present, and witnessed the dancing of a reel by the London Scottish.

The second son of Prince and Princess William of Prussia, great-grandson of the Emperor, was christened on Sunday afternoon in that apartment of the Potsdam Schloss which was used as a library by Frederick the Great. The ceremony was witnessed by a large and brilliant company, including all the members of the Royal family and of the Court now in Germany, the King of Roumania, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany. The Empress sat in an arm-chair near Princess William. The sponsors of the infant Prince, some of whom were represented only, were the Emperor and Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess, the King of Roumania, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Duke William of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, with the Dowager Duchess and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. During the performance of the baptismal service, the child, who received the names Wilhelm Friedrich Christian Karl, was held by the Crown Princess, and, after the christening act, the Emperor took it into its arms before it was restored to its mother. The company were afterwards entertained at a banquet.—The Emperor has contributed 50,000 marks to the fund for the relief of the sufferers from the Ischia earthquake.—The King of Roumania on Monday witnessed, according to a Renter's despatch from Potsdam, the manoeuvres of the Imperial Body-guard and the First Regiment of the Guards. His Majesty was accompanied by Prince William, who had called for him on his way to the parade-ground. The Emperor was also present.—The Berlin opera-house, which had remained closed, as usual, since the beginning of June, was reopened on Tuesday week, and a numerous audience assembled to witness the performance of "Der Freischütz."

The International Electrical Exhibition in Vienna was opened on the 16th ult. by the Crown Prince Rudolph. Among those present were the members of the diplomatic body, the Ministers, and the high functionaries of State. Baron Erlanger, President of the Exhibition, read an address, to which the Crown Prince briefly replied. In the course of his remarks he said that Vienna had had some share in the invention of gas, and was now opening the largest electrical exhibition ever held. He then walked through the building and inspected the objects displayed.—King Milan of Serbia arrived at Vienna on Monday.

On Monday afternoon the Prince of Montenegro was received by the Sultan, who conferred upon him the Osmanieh Order of the First Class set in brilliants.

Haidar Pasha, Egyptian Minister of Finance, has submitted his Budget report. During the past year there was a deficit of £191,500 in the general revenue, not specially assigned to the Consolidated Debt, exclusive of the deficit in the Domain Administration and the cost of the army of occupation. In the estimates for 1883-4 the necessity is pointed out of effecting a permanent reduction of expenditure to the extent of £150,000. This amount, added to the normal increase in the receipts, is intended to meet the charges of the new loan to provide for the payment of the indemnity claims, and of the extraordinary expenditure entailed by the Sudan expedition.—The cholera in Egypt shows marked diminution.

The strike of the telegraph operators in the United States has proved a failure, the operators everywhere returning to work.—The two ends of the Northern Pacific Railway have been united.—The death is announced of Judge Jeremiah Black, of the Pennsylvania Judicial Circuit.—The Secret Irish Organisation of Chicago held its annual picnic on the 16th inst. Ten thousand persons were present. A statement by one speaker that all were proud of the man who killed Carey was received with wild applause. Thomas Brennan made a speech, calling Lord Spencer the chief hangman of Ireland.

Prince Hohenlohe, Count Gleichen, Lords Lathom, Elphinstone, and Castleton, with a party of forty other gentlemen, left Montreal on Tuesday, by the Canadian and Pacific Railway, for Calgary, at the base of the Rocky Mountains.

The elective members of the Cape Town Legislature have unanimously disapproved the projected return of Langalibalele. They have passed a resolution declaring it undesirable under any circumstances, and especially inexpedient now.—The Durban correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphed last week that another great battle has taken place in Zululand between the supporters of Usibepu and those of Cetewayo. Special messengers report that two days' severe fighting, accompanied by great slaughter on both sides, resulted in the overthrow of Usibepu's army by a large Usutu force under Muyamana and Undabuko. Usibepu escaped on horseback, and has applied to John Dunn for assistance, which the latter has refused. The messengers also confirm the news that Cetewayo is alive, and has so far recovered from his wounds as to be able to travel.—The Cape Town correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphs that O'Donnell is to be tried in England. He will be sent home immediately.

The Board of Trade have received from the Foreign Office nine silver medals which have been awarded by the Portuguese Government to Captain James Mollard, Mr. R. J. Scanes, pilot, and A. Van der Burgh, W. Jenson, John Wagner, and Louis Maas, seamen of the British steam-ship Dante, for rescuing four men belonging to a launch which upset on the bar of the Port of Villa Nova de Portimao on Feb. 5 last; and to C. Gibbens and J. Vaghorn, seamen of the British fishing-vessel Renown, for rescuing the crew of the Portuguese barque Maria, which foundered in the North Sea on Oct. 25 last; and to Captain A. G. McKenzie, of the British steam-ship Telephone, for rescuing the crew of a Portuguese fishing barque on March 5 last.

THE WELLINGTON MEMORIALS.

The difficulty of finding what to do with the statue of the Duke of Wellington at Hyde Park-corner has, happily, been solved in a satisfactory manner. To have re-erected it near its old site on a sufficiently massive pedestal would have been in some respects a greater blunder than its original elevation on the top of Decimus Burton's arch. Brought near the eye, its artistic defects, and the hideous discoloration of the bad bronze of which it is composed, would have been far more obtrusive (as demonstrated since the statue has been lowered), and its colossal size—apparently much increased and emphasized by a pedestal—would have more or less dwarfed everything in its vicinity. Most of these objections applied equally to the site proposed for it in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards, although there would have been no buildings quite so near to be thrown out of scale. The erection in St. James's Park of a model of the statue, in order to judge of its effect, was a very sensible arrangement; but such precautions have not always the desired effect. Upon the principle of Sam Slick with his clocks, people are apt to reconcile themselves to any addition to a bare situation or locality, though the addition may be little ornamental. We are old enough to remember that another model of Wyatt's statue was set up on the arch at the top of Constitution Hill, before the bronze itself was raised: to that bad elevation; yet, although we believe some protest was made against the anomaly, this did not prevent the statue being hoisted to a situation that made it the derision of Europe for forty years.

The committee appointed to deal with the statue have wisely recommended that it should be sent to the melting-pot; and this, we are assured by the Government, will be done. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre stated in the House of Commons that the statue will be recast in an "ordinary heroic"—i.e., much less colossal—scale; that a competition of sculptors for a new equestrian statue of the Great Duke will be invited, and that it will be placed in front of Apsley House. The present Duke of Wellington was naturally unwilling that the old statue should be removed from before the house given by the nation to his illustrious ancestor where it had so long stood, and his wishes are entitled to due consideration. Fortunately, the old site, or near it, has, for a statue of reasonable dimensions, every recommendation of artistic propriety and old associations.

But we suspect that the ideas of the Government as to the new statue may prove somewhat parsimonious and mistaken. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre seemed to argue that because a suitable granite pedestal to the old statue and its removal to the alternative site in St. James's Park would cost £6000, therefore the new statue must not cost more than that amount. It is true that this sum would suffice to provide an equestrian statue rather beyond life size (exclusive of the metal), together with a presentable pedestal. But we confidently submit that something more ornate than a single statue, even equestrian—something of more structural importance, character, and value—will be necessary for any object to escape insignificance that is to occupy a position in the great space that is now cleared about the old site. A suggestion of our esteemed contributor, "G. A. S.," deserves respectful consideration at this juncture. His suggestion was to the effect that below the Great Duke's effigy might be grouped some of the generals, his brothers in arms, or other accessorial figures, and that on the pedestal might be bas-reliefs of some of his principal exploits—a memorial, in short, similar to many abroad that might be named. The site and the subject seem alike to require something more than a single statue and bald pedestal.

Passing to the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's, the question of removing it from the Consistory Court to one of the spans of the nave arcade (the site for which the sculptor, Alfred Stevens, expressly designed it) still remains undecided. Nothing has yet come of the expression by the Royal Academy of its corporate opinion in favour of the proposed removal; nor of the memorial of like purport, the signatories of which included so large a proportion of the art-world, and about a hundred members of Parliament. Yet, surely, no monument in the world of nearly the same importance is so hidden and sacrificed. From no point of view can it be seen as a whole; and its noblest elements, the groups at the sides of the canopy, of Valour triumphing over Cowardice, and Truth plucking out the Tongue of Falsehood, can only be seen so foreshortened that their design and intention become almost unintelligible. The recommendation of Lord John Manners that the carved wooden screen of the Court should be removed in order to afford a better view of the monument, seems to us altogether unacceptable. If this open screen were removed, the monument would hardly be more visible from the nave or aisle, owing to the fact that the whole light of the court enters behind the monument from the window on the farther side. Moreover, the screen is a companion to one on the other side of the nave: it is an essential complement of Wren's work, and far too masterly in design and carving to be needlessly destroyed.

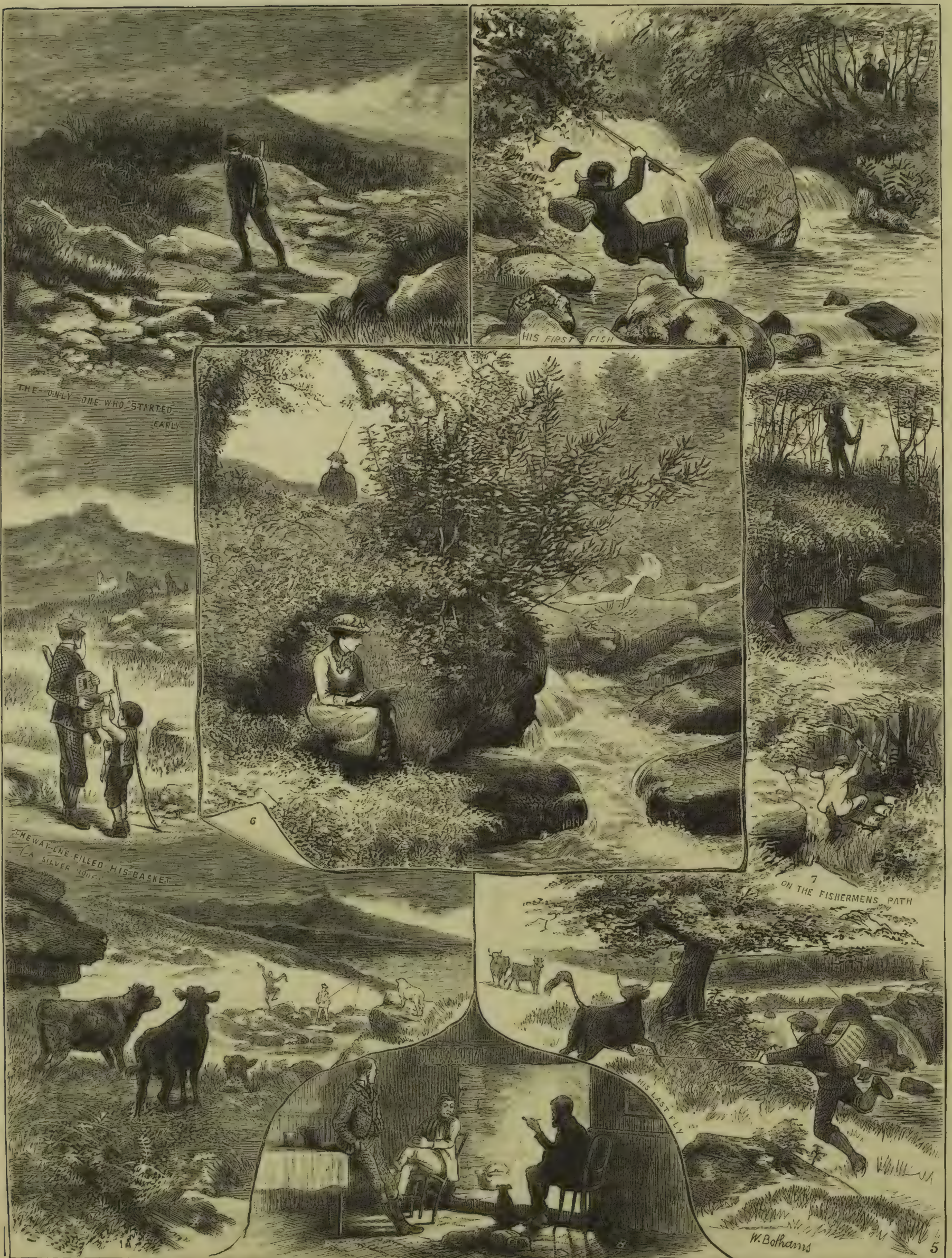
At the apse-like ends of the Consistory Court there are certain bas-reliefs by Messrs. Calder, Marshall, and Woodington, of scriptural subjects, intended to illustrate the career of the great Duke, which, on account of their curvilinear form, cannot be transposed to the piers of the nave; and an objection has been raised to the removal of Stevens's monument, because its association with these bas-reliefs would be thereby severed. It is, of course, unfortunate that these bas-reliefs must remain in their present position; but, as we have said, they are merely associated with the monument; they have no real artistic connection or relationship of design with it; they are at most of secondary consequence; they can scarcely suffer by its removal; and it would be monstrous to sacrifice the monument to them.

Our readers are aware that the crowning feature of Stevens's design—the equestrian statue of the Duke—has never been added; though, happily, the model was left by the sculptor virtually complete. To place this statue on the monument in its present position would be absurd. It could not be seen. When, however, the monument is removed to the nave, as we trust it will be before long, the statue *must* be added to form the apex of the composition; and then, if Stevens's work does not deserve all the encomiums that have been passed upon it, it will certainly rank as one of the very few satisfactory pieces of memorial sculpture of our day.

There must surely be a great dearth of news just now, seeing that the papers are driven to report the every-day doings of Marwood, the hangman.

Sir Albert Woods, Garter King of Arms, has placed the banner and regalia of the Duke of Grafton, newly created Knight of the Garter, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

The charter of incorporation for Bangor, North Wales, was received there yesterday week by Mr. Pritchard, acting town clerk. There were great rejoicings in the district, the church bells being rung and bunting displayed. The honour of being the first Mayor will be offered to Lord Penrhyn, who was many years chairman of the local board, and is a large property owner of the district.



1. I am the only one of our party who gets up early, and don't like it.
2. I catch my first fish, and my friends arrive in time to see me.

3. The way one filled his basket—"a silver hook."
4. Our first big fish.

5. His last fly.
6. I am in luck going home.

7. While my friends lose their way.
8. We discuss our adventures.

SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., M.D., LL.D.

Her Majesty has been pleased to bestow the well-merited honour of a baronetcy (not a knighthood, as in Ireland) upon one of the most eminent practising physicians in this country—namely, Dr. Andrew Clark. He was born on Oct. 28, 1826, in Scotland, and was educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh. In the Medical School of Edinburgh he gained the first-class medals and highest honours for anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, materia medica, surgery, pathology, and the practice of physic. He assisted Dr. Hughes Bennett for two years in the pathological department of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and was demonstrator of anatomy to Dr. Robert Knox in the final course of lectures delivered by that celebrated professor. Having, in 1854, taken his degree of M.D. at the University of Aberdeen, he began to practise in London; but he had previously, during four years, held charge of the pathological department in the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, and had delivered a course of lectures on the use of the microscope in practical medicine. In 1858, Dr. Clark was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London, in which he has held the offices of Croonian Lecturer, Examiner in Medicine, and Member of the Council. He is Senior Physician to the London Hospital, and Lecturer on Clinical Medicine there, also President of the Clinical Society of London; he has been Lettsomian Lecturer and President of the Medical Society of London, President of the Metropolitan Counties Branch of the British Medical Association, and consulting physician to the East London Hospital for Children. He is author of many esteemed treatises and essays upon important branches of pathology and medicine, including lectures on the diseases of the lungs, pneumonia, phthisis, and pleurisy, and investigations likewise of the diseases of the digestive organs.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano, of Old Bond-street.



SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., M.D.

pride of the morning"; but when trout begin to rise freely, whether you offer them a blue upright, a red palmer or a black, a small half-stone or a hare-bodied dun fly, all your previous discomforts will be speedily forgotten, and you will be in a frame of mind to enjoy the sublimity of a solitude that is disturbed only by the soft, sad cry of the curlew, the swift flight of a white-breasted ouzel darting down stream, the shadow of a buzzard as he slowly circles overhead, or the presence of shaggy moorland cattle, curious to know what such an intrusion into their domain may mean. There is not much danger of losing a fly among trees and bushes here, but if one of the inquisitive herd should approach too close at a critical moment, you might experience the chagrin of seeing your last cast borne away by a very strange sort of fish. Let us hope the creel has been well filled before such an accident happens, or the homeward tramp will not be lightened by cheerful reflections. One cannot, however, be downcast long in this region of bracing breezes and glorious scenery, and a true lover of the picturesque might go back happy with an empty basket if his path led through the romantic ravines of Lustleigh Cleave, or down the rugged escarpments of Cranbrook Castle to where the tawny Teign brawls among its boulders under far-famed Fingle Bridge. One golden rule for a stranger here is never to try short cuts, or he may easily lose his way among a wilderness of rocks and trees. Let him follow the river path, and then, though he may have no tale of exciting adventures to tell, he will be sure, at least, of getting home in time for dinner and the pleasant fireside chat afterwards. H. H. S. P.

THE FIRE AT THE SOUTHALL PARK LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The terrible disaster on Tuesday week at the Private Lunatic Asylum, conducted by Dr. Robert Boyd, at the mansion of Southall Park, near Uxbridge, was reported in our last publication. Six lives were unhappily lost, those of Dr. Boyd, his son, Mr. W. Boyd, two of the patients, Captain Williams and Mrs. Cullimore, Eliza O'Laughlin, the cook, and a female servant, Elizabeth Howe, dying later from the injuries she had received. The bodies of the five other persons were almost entirely consumed in the fire; only a few charred bones were found amongst the ruins on Saturday last. Dr. Boyd's daughters, and a cousin, Mr. Robert Boyd, escaped with some wounds, and most of the patients and the servants in the house. There were about twenty persons, in all, within the building at the time of the fire, which broke out two or three hours after midnight. The mansion was a conspicuous object in the village of Southall. It was built by Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, and in the Queen Anne style. It had fine outward architectural features, and the interior was fitted with oak partitions and panellings. There were about twenty-five or thirty rooms in the main building, and it stood in about thirty acres of ground. The late proprietor, Dr. Boyd, was a medical gentleman of high repute, above seventy years of age, who long practised in Bolton-row, May-fair, as a consulting physician in lunacy cases, and was for many years superintendent of the Somersetshire Asylum. He had bought the house at Southall from Dr. Stewart, and had continued to receive patients at this place during many years. He was greatly respected in the neighbourhood. His son William was a young man about twenty-five, and was on the point of departing with his cousin Robert for Texas to farm there. Everything had been arranged for their sailing this week, and on the evening before the fire broke out they were

TROUT-FISHING ON THE TEIGN.

Should one be asked to name a river of fair Devon that is truly typical as presenting the most characteristic features, sporting and picturesque, for which these charming west-country streams are famous, the choice would probably waver between the Dart and the Teign. If the one possesses more broad and peaceful beauties in the wooded windings of its lake-like estuary, the other may justly claim that a sterner and more rugged grandeur sits among its moorland solitudes. And he who seeks to practise with success the fisherman's gentle art could scarcely select scenes more favourable than are to be found on the Teign and its tributaries. The land that borders on Dartmoor was until recent years a *terra incognita* to all save natives and a few wandering artists. Its rivers were comparatively unfrequented by strange sportsmen. Now, however, they are the Mecca to which many a pilgrim professor of the Waltonian craft turns with hopeful heart every season.

Nor is a pilgrimage from the far east a very formidable undertaking in these days. Thanks to the enterprising skill by which managers of the Great Western line have reduced luxurious travelling to a science, one may take train from Paddington at nine o'clock over night; sleep, rocked by a soothing motion, for five or six hours in the most cosy of railway berths ever yet devised; get a plunge in the sea at Dawlish or Teignmouth in the cool grey dawn, and be casting a fly under the shadow of Chudleigh rock before an August sun is high enough to top the ridge of Haldon Down. Casting a fly, by the way, in these waters demands a dexterity altogether different from that displayed in throwing fifty yards, or any more fabulous

length of line across a clear stretch of open lake. The pools where trout delight to lie can often only be got at by casting beneath a tangled net-work of oak branches. Sometimes one has to take post on a slippery boulder round which the torrent rushes with a whirl that is somewhat conducive to giddiness. The kind of mishap that may occur to a novice thus placed in the excitement of striking "his first fish" our artist has more than suggested. Once on this stream a stranger who prided himself on being a good Thames angler was vainly trying to drop his flies under the opposite bank. All his most artistic attempts were frustrated by envious brambles or twigs that seemed always in the way. A rustic who, unseen, had been watching the performance with a broad grin of undissembled mirth, at length said:—"I ax pardon, sur, but us doant ketch fish in trees down yer." This gentleman had committed himself by over much boastfulness the night before. His reputation was at stake, and somehow he managed to fill his basket before dusk; but cruel rumour whispered that "the silver hook" had something to do with his success.

For fishing the narrow moorland streams, full of small but exquisitely flavoured trout, there is nothing like "an early start." It may not be the perfection of pleasure to take your way at daybreak alone over a pathless waste shrouded in a cold drizzling mist that is known to Devonshire folk as "the



SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT THE PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUM AT SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX.

going about the village taking leave of their friends and acquaintances. Captain Williams was a retired Army officer. Mrs. Cullimore was a very old lady, who had been in the establishment for years past. The survivors who were hurt—Miss Boyd, Mr. Robert Boyd, Miss Field, one of the attendants, and Eli Hutton, the gardener—received their wounds in jumping out of the windows or from the roof of an out-building. The patients, except Captain Williams and old Mrs. Cullimore, were led out quietly, Dr. Boyd exerting himself for this purpose regardless of his own danger, and then returning to save the other members of the household, in which attempt he perished with them by the sudden falling-in of the roof. The fire brigades of Hanwell, Ealing, and Acton arrived promptly at Southall Park, but had a difficulty in obtaining sufficient water. Our Illustrations give a view of the ruins of the mansion, and one of its former appearance. The Coroner for Middlesex, Dr. Diplock, has opened an inquest this week.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

When, a week after the Twelfth, the Marquis of Salisbury was to be seen on the front Opposition bench of the House of Lords, pausing a moment from the task of letter-writing or amendment-framing to exchange smiling congratulations with his zealous recruit, Lord Wemyss, whose beaming face betrayed his exultation at the victories of the past week, it might have been surmised that the noble Marquis was firmly resolved not to spare one of the Ministerial measures, introduced at the eleventh hour for the consideration of their Lordships. All vitality had been taken out of one or two important clauses of the English and Scottish Agricultural Holdings Bills. Yesterday week the Lords threw out the Anti-Pigeon-shooting Bill by 30 against 17 votes, albeit Earl Granville couched some most telling phrases against the opponents of this humane measure; and they made amends for passing the Bankruptcy Bill reluctantly through Committee on Monday by rejecting the Irish Parliamentary Registration Bill by 52 against 32 votes, and in negating the Scotland Local Government Bill by 46 against 31 votes. On the other hand, their Lordships on Tuesday vouchsafed to advance a stage the bill rather inadequately christened the Irish Tramways Bill, as well as the Patents Bill, and the Irish Artisans' Dwellings Bill, against which Earl Fortescue had a fruitless dig; and it should be placed to the credit likewise of the House of Lords that a Wednesday sitting was furthermore held with a view to helping the Government in their earnest endeavour to prorogue Parliament on Saturday.

Mr. Gladstone remains the one figure of commanding influence in the House of Commons. His unrivalled talent in debate has been maintained to the last. So much lucidity, energy, and characteristic earnestness, indeed, has the Prime Minister displayed during the past fortnight, and such consummate generalship has he shown in securing the necessary votes in Committee of Supply to enable jaded legislators to wing their flight from Westminster to-day, that it is obvious Parliament and the public would be considerably the losers were the right hon. gentleman to feel himself impelled during the Recess to act upon the hints he has many times of late dropped, and should relieve himself of the incalculable burdens of the supremely responsible office he makes us his debtor by holding with honour and dignity. Mr. Gladstone's eloquence was never used for a nobler service than it was last Saturday afternoon when, in solemnly impressive tones, he gravely remonstrated with Mr. Healy for the employment of language exceptionally violent and inflammatory in condemnation of English rule in Ireland. "For me" (said the Premier, looking straight at the sullen Irreconcilable who had called him to his feet, and heedless of the brutally rude interruption of Mr. Biggar), "my share, my personal interest in these matters can only be of short duration. But were this the last time I should speak in the House of Commons, not adopting the language of authoritative rebuke, to which I have no right to aspire, I would beseech and entreat the hon. gentleman to question and examine himself—and I would say the same thing to others who have spoken in similar tones—to ask himself to the very bottom of his heart whether it is really necessary to use these inflammatory tones, and whether we have reached a point at which some indications have been given by Parliament that they are disposed to do well, and to substitute a state of peace and friendship for the painful inheritance of the past; and to ask himself, if so, whether he will not himself become a participator in the work of peace, and instead of provoking and stirring up animosities on this side of the water to come into conflict with animosities upon the other; whether it would not be better to put some curb on expressions which I do not ascribe to anything more than an unrestrained outflow of sentiments—I have no doubt honestly entertained and upright in their aim; whether he would not act more wisely, and more justly, and certainly more in the interests of his own country, with a powerful neighbour on this side of the water; whether he would not act more in her interest if he would endeavour to introduce into these deliberations something of that spirit of gentleness and moderation, of that restraint of language which is agreeable both to the traditions of this House, to the social state in which we live, to the very name of civilisation, and, I believe, to the religion which we profess." Although Mr. Healy followed with a personal panegyric of Mr. Gladstone, the appeal of the Prime Minister was manifestly thrown away upon him for the time being, inasmuch as he roundly declared a state of civil war existed between Ireland and England, and was only latent in the sister isle. Better counsels, however, presumably prevailed in the Home Rule Camp on the morrow, as Mr. Biggar actually had the candour to admit that the Land Act and better harvests had improved the condition of Ireland. This may have been a slip of the tongue on the part of this inveterate opponent of English supremacy in Ireland. None the less are the hon. member's words recorded against him, or, rather, in his favour.

The awkward question that has arisen between the French and English Governments in consequence of the arrest of Mr. Shaw at Tamatave, and his detention by the bellicose Admiral Pierre on board a French vessel of war pending his trial on the charge of conspiring with the enemy against the French troops, has naturally led to the catechising of the Government on this point by Sir Stafford Northcote. Beyond explaining that the Government had every confidence Mr. Shaw would have a fair trial, Mr. Gladstone could not be induced by the most ingeniously-worded interrogations to cast a single reflection on the conduct of the French authorities. He knew he was treading on delicate ground, and walked with diplomatic caution, content, perhaps, with the knowledge that the undoubted feeling of anxiety betrayed by the House in the matter would not be disregarded by M. Waddington, the French Ambassador.

This Tamatave incident of the Malagasy war cropped up again on Tuesday in the comprehensive review Sir Stafford Northcote indulged in when the Appropriation Bill came up. The leader of the Opposition, in arraigning the Government "all along the line," condemned their treatment of the Bradlaugh affair, censured them for the backwardness of legislation, blamed them for their policy in

Egypt, in South Africa, in Afghanistan, and in India, and complained of the reticence respecting the apprehension of Mr. Shaw. But whoever will take the pains to read Mr. Gladstone's clear, cogent, and powerful speech in reply will see the hopelessness of Opposition criticism whilst the arguments of the Conservative leader in the Commons can be so lucidly confuted. When the Prime Minister himself has taken pains to reduce the redundancy of his necessarily elaborate speeches, and has succeeded in a remarkable degree, he clearly had the right on Tuesday to point the moral and adorn the tale by urging the House in coming Sessions to forego the luxury of debating the Address for weeks together, and to resist the temptation of wasting their sweetness on the desert air of dreary and prolonged discussions of the various measures. To this abbreviation of debate, and to the economy of time effected by the Grand Committees, did Mr. Gladstone look in the future for the quicker and more creditable transaction of public business.

Short shrift was on Tuesday night allowed the most important of the Lords' amendments in the Agricultural Holdings Bill for England. The sanction of the Government was given to the Duke of Richmond's new clause excluding the class of claims for compensation due to the inherent capacity of the soil; but, on reflection, this amendment would appear to be fruitful of much litigation. The Commons, however, rejected decisively the Marquis of Salisbury's proposition that no claim for compensation be allowed that would nullify a specific agreement between a landlord and tenant. The Commons also withdrew the limitation of the measure to holdings over two acres, and deleted the Lords' amendments awarding landlords compensation for waste, feeding stuffs, and manure; likewise disagreed with those extending the right of distress to two years, and postponing the operation of the Act till the Lady Day of next year. On the same lines, was the Scottish Agricultural Holdings Bill reamended. And it is to be hoped the Lords have by this time again found discretion to be the better part of valour, and have accepted the inevitable.

In the reformed mode of conducting the business of the House half promised for next year, it is greatly to be desired that the Indian Budget (which Mr. J. H. Cross could not introduce earlier than the last Wednesday of the Session) will be brought forward at a period when it can command closer attention than it was possible to give it in the thin House of Aug. 22. As it was, the debate was adjourned; but, with the Session in its death-throes, who could hope to adequately discuss the vast question of the finances of India?

BENEVOLENCE AND SELF-HELP.

The Earl of Aberdeen has accepted the office of President of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath.

Mr. John Liney, who died recently at Hobart, has bequeathed £35,000 to the charities of Melbourne, Australia.

Mrs. Lovegrove, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, has forwarded £500 to the hospital at Weston-super-Mare.

The new buildings of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital were opened on Monday by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The Duke of Devonshire has given a large clock to Buxton Hospital. It chimes the quarters, strikes the hours, and has four 6-ft. dials. Messrs. John Smith and Sons, Queen-street, Derby, were the manufacturers.

The Lord Mayor has received from the Mayor of Warrnambool, Victoria, a draught for £300 for the relief of the distress in the Western Isles and Highlands of Scotland. As the Lord Mayor is now visiting these districts, he will most likely distribute this amount personally.

A public park, presented to the town of Grimsby by Mr. E. Heneage, M.P., was opened yesterday week by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, in presence of a large assemblage. The park is about twenty-seven acres in extent, and the cost of laying it out has been defrayed by the Town Council, with the approval of the Local Government Board.

The annual meeting of the Governors of the Chelsea Hospital for Women was held on the 16th inst. at the hospital, when the chair was taken by Mr. James Debae, treasurer. He congratulated the governors on the increase that had taken place in the subscriptions, and in the more extended interest manifested in the hospital, as shown by the recent additions to the Board of Management and the Ladies' Committee.

Mrs. Gladstone gave the prizes at the Hawarden Flower Show on the 16th inst. She arrived from London with Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., the previous evening. There was a large attendance, the weather being beautifully fine. Mr. W. H. Gladstone responded on behalf of Mrs. Gladstone, and said that what he regarded as important at this flower show were not the prizes obtained so much as the habits of observation, watchfulness, industry, and cleanliness which these shows inculcated among cottagers.

In the annual report with regard to Muller's Orphanage at Ashley Down, near Bristol, it is stated that since the establishment of the institution 6685 children have been under its care; five large buildings, at an expense of £115,000, have been erected, and £638,339 has been given for the orphans without any appeal; but simply as the result of faith and prayer to God. The year had been commenced with 2000 orphans and 110 helpers, and a balance of only 13s. 7d., but the income had reached £28,000.

The Prince of Wales has contributed £100 to the Mansion House fund for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquake in Ischia. The fund amounted last Saturday to £500. Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons contributed £200. The Lord Mayor is making efforts to start funds in the provinces in connection with this central fund. A meeting in support of the fund was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday, at which a resolution expressing sympathy with the Italian nation in the recent calamity and with the sufferers thereby was unanimously passed.

Last week the Philharmonic Society of St. Pierre-les-Calais—sixty strong—arrived at Ramsgate, and in the evening gave a concert of classical music, aided by Mlle. Schäfer, M. Austin, and M. Thibout, in the Granville Theatre to an appreciative and sympathetic crowded audience, closing with "God Save the Queen" and the "Marseillaise," the proceeds being given in aid of the Ramsgate Sailors' Home. This is the second occasion within five years that the Philharmonic Society of St. Pierre have recognised the kind assistance given to French Shipwrecked sailors at the Ramsgate Sailors' Home.

Lord Wrottesley, Lord Lieutenant of the county, opened at Willenhall, Staffordshire, on Monday, in the presence of a large assemblage of the principal inhabitants of the town, a higher grade school, which has been erected by the district board at a cost of nearly £6000. It will give accommodation to about 600 children in three departments, including an upper one, where an advanced curriculum of education will be given for a fee of 9d. per week, and pupils will be prepared for Oxford and Cambridge and the art and science local examinations.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

The Marquis of Lansdowne has been elected Fellow of the Royal Colonial Society.

The Brighton Marine Kursaal Bill has passed both Houses, and received the Royal Assent.

Mr. F. Sargent has been honoured with sittings from Mr. Gladstone for the purpose of a life-size etching.

Mr. J. Edgar Williams has completed a portrait of Colonel Sir Walter Barttelot, Bart., C.B., M.P.

Mr. Gladstone has offered the vacant Commissionship of Customs to Mr. Arnold, but he has declined the appointment.

Sir T. Shepstone was entertained by the Empire Club yesterday week at a dinner, prior to his return to South Africa.

Mr. Meadows White, Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of Canterbury. Mr. White was called to the Bar in 1853, and practises on the South-Eastern Circuit.

A new tramway route, giving direct communication between North-street, Wandsworth, and the Borough, a distance of about six miles, has been opened.

Sir Charles Dilke has intimated to the Paisley Town Council his acceptance of the freedom of the burgh when he visits that town in October.

The Duke of Devonshire, Captain Long, left Plymouth for Queensland last Saturday with the following emigrants—157 single men, 223 families, and 94 single women.

Major Lane, Governor of Bodmin Prison, has been appointed Governor of the Essex County Jail at Chelmsford, in succession to Captain M'Gorrrery, resigned.

Last Saturday the garrison sports at Portsmouth were celebrated, in presence of a large assemblage, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar distributing the prizes.

Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Cardigan Castle, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in June last.

A new life-boat has been launched at Padstow, the gift of Mr. R. A. B. Preston, as a token of gratitude at being saved by the Ramsgate life-boat when wrecked in his yacht on the Goodwin Sands in October last.

Miss Anna Arkwright, sixty-two, of Mask Hall, near Marlow, Essex, has died from the sting of a wasp, which had got into her pocket. She received the injury on her little finger, and died from the pain in half an hour afterwards.

Mr. H. P. Foster, a member of the Portsmouth Town Council, has been presented with a silver medal for having recently rescued from drowning Mr. Cotton, who became faint and sank while bathing at Southsea.

Foiled in an attempt to enter the North London Collegiate School, Lorraine-road, Holloway, on Saturday evening last, a thief made off, pursued by several persons, three of whom he shot with a revolver.

Sir Sydney Hedley Waterlow, M.P., has resigned the office of Alderman of Langbourn Ward, to which he was elected in 1863. Sir Sydney Waterlow served the office of Sheriff of London in 1866-7, and was Lord Mayor in 1872-3.

An explosion, by which twenty-one men were seriously injured, one having since died, occurred in the Gelli Pit, Ystrad, in the Rhondda Valley, on Tuesday. There were four hundred miners at work at the time.

Satisfactory experiments were made at Shoburyness on Tuesday to test the fire of the eighty-ton gun on fortifications, the projectile piercing two iron targets each 9 in. thick, and becoming embedded about 6 ft. in the concrete wall behind.

A curious testimony to the character of the past summer is found in the fact that only on one occasion has ice been used in the ventilating chamber of the House of Commons. There have been sessions when ice has been used to the extent of a ton a day.

Sir William Harcourt, who was accompanied by Mr. Howard Vincent, has distributed gratuities to the members of the London, Dublin, and Birmingham police forces, who were prominent in unravelling recent dynamite conspiracies, the amount allocated for the purpose being £1500.

There has been launched at Aberdeen a vessel for use at Port Natal, which, besides being capable of towing ships into harbour, landing troops from transports, and rendering other valuable services, may in case of need be utilised as a torpedo-boat or for purposes of coast defence.

Mr. Lynch, the Parnellite candidate for Sligo, has been returned by a majority of 562 over Mr. O'Hara, the Conservative candidate.—The nomination for East Essex has been fixed for to-day (Saturday). Thus far Mr. C. H. Strutt, the Conservative candidate, is not opposed.

Serious rioting broke out between Irish Orangemen and Roman Catholics in Coatbridge, near Glasgow, on Sunday, which was renewed on Monday morning, and again in the evening. Several persons were seriously hurt, and numerous arrests have been made.

Mr. Gladstone has declined the invitation of Mr. G. Barnsley, the Master Cutler Elect, to be present at his feast at Sheffield. The right hon. gentleman states that the orders of his physician preclude him from undertaking any duties of the nature of a public entertainment which can be avoided.

At the desire of the executive committee of the International Fisheries Exhibition, Mr. Godfrey Turner has written a guide, which, like all the official letterpress in connection with the place, is printed and published by Messrs. Clowes and Sons. The little work contains twenty plans, carefully drawn to scale, which accompany a condensed description of the departments.

We are requested to state that the First Lord of the Admiralty has at his disposal a nomination for Christ's Hospital for the son of a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Applicants must be between the age of eight and ten. Preference will be given to the sons of officers who have been killed in action, or who have died in the service. Applications will be received up to March 31, 1884, and should be addressed to the private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Rochester Castle, one of the finest Norman relics in the country, is about to pass from private ownership into the hands of the Corporation of Rochester, who are to pay the present owner, the Earl of Jersey, £8000 for the structure and surrounding grounds. The Corporation have for some years had a lease of the property at an annual rent of £240; and the grounds are laid out as public gardens, for which purpose the Earl stipulates that they are to be maintained, while the Castle is to be kept as a ruin.

The Royal Artillery competitions at Shoburyness came to a close on the 16th. The various detachments were inspected by Colonel Strangways, who, in addressing the men, said the shooting had not been so good as in former years, but he was informed that there had been a marvellous improvement in the repository drills. The prizes were distributed by Lord Strathmairn.—The Queen's Prize was won by the 2nd Middlesex, the Prince of Wales's Prize by the 1st Gloucester, and the Canadian prize for the repository shift by the Canadian team.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Heavy rain on Monday night made the Knavesmire in capital order for racing on Tuesday, but the sport was scarcely so good as we are accustomed to see on the first day of the York meeting. Reprieve, being slightly amiss, did not run for the Great Breeders' Convivial Produce Stakes, and, as Wild Shot was also an absentee, the race appeared a gift for Richmond, who ran so well at Stockton last week. Odds of 3 to 1 were freely laid on him, and he led to the distance, but seemed quite unable to struggle when challenged by Dunsdale, who came away and won as she liked by a couple of lengths. She is a very nice filly, by Macgregor—Clifden Jewel, and Mr. Lowther's success was naturally highly popular. Montroyd (7 st. 11 lb.) did the plungers a turn in the Lonsdale Plate, though, had Acrostic (8 st. 4 lb.) been well placed at the bend, he might have upset the "good thing." Britomartis made a sorry show of her four opponents in the Yorkshire Oaks, and it is a noteworthy fact that Lord Falmouth has won this event six times in the last nine years. When Isonomy won the Great Ebor Handicap with 9 st. 8 lb. on his back in 1879, the performance was naturally considered a very wonderful one. Corrie Roy's (9 st. 12 lb.) victory on Wednesday, however, fairly eclipses that of the horse, as not only did she carry 4 lb. more, but the seven opposed to her were of decidedly superior class to the four beaten by Isonomy, and, moreover, Corrie Roy won with the greatest ease. Her triumph makes us wonder what sort of a colt Border Minstrel must be, for, judging by the result of the Goodwood Cup, he could have won the Ebor with 8 st. 4 lb. on his back, and must be quite as good as Hagioscope at level weights. The only other race of much interest during the day was the Prince of Wales's Stakes for two-year-olds, which fell to Mr. Houldsworth by the aid of the Springfield—Wood Anemone colt.

The closing weeks of the cricket season have been signalled by some very remarkable scoring. E. Lockwood made 208 for Yorkshire, and, thanks entirely to him, his county beat Kent in one innings with 94 runs to spare. Lord Harris (not out, 80 and 79) batted grandly for the losers, but no one

gave him much assistance. Surrey was indebted to Mr. W. W. Read (not out 93, and not out 86)—a truly remarkable feat on the part of this splendid batsman—for a victory over Somersetshire by 75 runs. Mr. E. J. Diver (55) also scored freely, and, in the first innings of Somersetshire, no less than eight of the eleven got into double figures. Middlesex ran up the extraordinary score of 537 runs against Gloucestershire. Mr. I. D. Walker (145), the Hon. A. Lyttelton (181), and Mr. C. T. Studd (91), did most of the scoring. When a "best on record" is constantly being accomplished in all branches of sport, a "worst on record" is quite a refreshing change, and we fancy that Dr. W. G. Grace's one wicket, obtained at an expense of 154 runs, may fairly be placed in this category. However, he batted far better than he has done of late, making 36 and 85; Messrs. Moberly (53) and Gilbert (36 and 79) also worked hard, and converted what looked like a certain defeat into a draw. The sensation of the present week has been the defeat of Lancashire by Kent by 21 runs, quite as great an upset of public form as the overthrow of Yorkshire by Sussex a few weeks ago. Lord Harris (50) was the only noteworthy scorer on either side, and Crossland, who took five wickets for the same number of runs, proved the most successful bowler, though, as usual, his style of delivery came in for a good deal of adverse criticism.

So many regattas have taken place during the last few days that we can only give the bare results of the principle ones. A prize given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for vessels of twenty tons and upwards was won by the Terpsichore, the Psyche taking second prize. The Town Cup was won by the Samsona. On the closing day of the regatta the race was round the Isle of Wight, and six yachts started for a prize given by the Marquis of Exeter, commodore of the club. The Marjorie sailed the course within six hours, coming in first, but on making the time allowances the Phryne took the first prize, the Annasona the second, and the Miranda the third. The Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta was completely spoilt by calm weather. The race for the Albert Cup, which began on Monday, did not finish until six o'clock on Tuesday morning. The vessels had had to anchor during a calm, but at last the

Neptune, getting the turn of the turn of the tide first and a slight puff of wind, managed to distance her opponents, and finally won, although at first she had been two miles behind. Another long and all-night race round the Isle of Wight for £50, £25, £15, and £10 only terminated at a late hour on Wednesday morning, the first prize being taken by the Vanessa, the second by the Quickstep, the third by the Terpsichore, and the fourth by the Psyche.

On Monday afternoon George Bubeur, of Barnes, and John Lagan, of Wandsworth, sculled from Putney to Mortlake for the large stake of £400. The latter led up to Hammersmith Bridge, but soon after they had passed that point Bubeur, who is a fine stayer, made his effort, and, soon rowing his opponent down, won very easily indeed. Bubeur must now be regarded as the best English sculler; indeed, he has challenged Boyd or any one else in this country.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Countess Spencer left Dublin on Monday morning for Cork, proceeding thence to Castle Bernard, the seat of Lord Bundon, whose guests they were for a few days. Their Excellencies visited the Cork Exhibition on Tuesday, and expressed themselves much pleased with its contents. Subsequently the Viceroyal party proceeded to the Cork Park races. On Wednesday the Lord Lieutenant and party attended a ball in the Exhibition buildings.

In these days or nights of long runs it is something to be proud of, and a feat worthy of record, to perform in a fortnight the arduous rôles of Hamlet, Richard III., Benedict, Macbeth, the lugubrious "Stranger," "The Gamester," and "Henry IV." This is the task Mr. Barry Sullivan has nearly completed at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, where the powerful and distinguished champion of "the legitimate drama" has successfully begun a prolonged provincial tour. Prior to Mr. Barry Sullivan's departure from town, a graceful compliment was paid him by the Savage Club, the members of which entertained him at a farewell supper, the chair being occupied by Mr. P. T. Duffy, who proposed the toast of the guest of the evening in an exceedingly apt and happy speech.

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"He is coming," said Jeannette, in a warning voice.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A TRYST.



as a headless visitant, or rather as a tortoise, with a pair of shapely human legs; and when, having crossed the neck of land, he dropped the boat he carried on his head, and disclosed the handsomest face in Cambridge, it made no slight sensation.

In that strange manner had Sophy "met her fate," as girls term in jest what is sometimes pitiless earnest. Afterwards, from tender association, perhaps, the spot had been a trysting-place for the two young people. Behind the mill, and upon a certain green peninsula between two streams, all was secluded enough; but they took care to arrive thither by different routes. On the present occasion the young man had come by the water-way, which was not the quickest. None who saw him paddling up the stream from the river, or toilsomely bearing his boat along where navigation was impossible, could have imagined that he was on his way to an assignation. "The River God," as she used to call him, when, indeed, a certain divinity had seemed to hedge him round, was behind his time—a circumstance in itself significant of much (of old he had been willing enough to wait for her); and, in the meanwhile, mistress and maid walked up and down in silence,

ESIDE the pleasant mill at Trumington," says Wordsworth, "we laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade"; but it was with no expectation of merriment that Miss Sophia Gilbert, accompanied by her faithful waiting-maid Jeannette, took her way thither that May afternoon. The first time she had visited the place was at a little picnic during the long vacation, with Aunt Maria and a few friends; and there by accident she had first met with Herbert Perry. He had found his way there from the river as aimlessly as the *Babingtonia pestifera* got into the river—not, indeed, through a fountain-tube, but almost as much by land as by water, carrying his canoe as Bruce did his vessels on Loch L'yne; indeed, he had appeared to the astonished picnickers

hidden by the "hawthorn shade." Sophy knew nothing of its poetical associations; if she had done so, she might have bitterly reflected that in all the generations since old Chaucer's time there could hardly have been such a tryst in that fair place as hers. Lover false, and maid undone, there might have been; scenes of repentance and despair; but the circumstances, however woeful, must have been different. Six months ago she had adored the man, of whom she was the clandestine wife; and now—now—she hardly dared say to herself what she thought of him, with what abhorrence she looked forward to a future which must be linked with his, with what apprehension and dismay she pictured the immediate consequence of his obstinacy and rashness, should he persist in his present behaviour. Yet it was curious that she felt more angry with herself, for her folly, than with him for his cruelty; and as every now and then she stepped by the water's side and gazed on her own image, she murmured, as before, "You fool; you mad and wicked fool!"

She had reached the end of the peninsula, and was about to turn, when the silver beat of a paddle struck upon the ear; in that very time and place it had once been music to her, but now she shivered as though it were a passing bell.

"He is coming," said Jeannette, in a warning voice.

As if she did not know that; as if she did not see, though her face was still averted, the little boat gliding swiftly up the stream, impelled by those sinewy arms, and the shapely head with its crisp brown locks, and the form that had once been as Apollo's to her eyes, but was now odious as Apollyon's.

The canoe shot noiselessly to the bank, and he stepped out to meet her with a fleeting smile.

"Well," he said, "I am come, and with all the caution that an Indian uses in one of Cooper's novels; but I tell you fairly that I am tired of all this shying and shirking, and mean to put an end to it."

She had held out her hand, but he had taken no notice of it; his face was flushed, not with the exercise he had taken, for such feats were feather weights with him; but, as she was well aware, with anger.

"If we are going to talk," he said, looking towards Jeannette, "though nothing you can say will make any difference I promise you, there had better be no listeners." At this broad hint the worthy maid retired a few paces, not without a contemptuous sniff, and left the young people to their colloquy.

"Well, what is it, Sophy? You say something serious has happened. You can't mean to say that the Governor has heard of my visit last night. If so that slut yonder has betrayed us."

"She has not betrayed us, Herbert; I wish everyone was as faithful and true as Jeannette; nor do I know that my guardian has discovered that frightful imprudence of

yours; but he has found out something you have done—dare say equally rash—and has forbidden you the house."

"Has he, begad?" returned the young man, with a contemptuous sneer. "We'll see about that; so that's all, is it?"

"No, it is not all. I am forbidden after to-day to hold any communication with you whatever."

"On pain of the Canon's high displeasure, I suppose? That may affect some chorister boy in his cathedral, but not me. Now I tell you what I mean to do. Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps the next day, but at all events before the term is over, I mean to claim you as my wife."

"Then you will ruin us both."

"Speak for yourself, Sophy! As for me, I know my own business better than you can tell me. You talk as if you had no belongings but your guardian. You have a father-in-law, though he is not aware of the fact, who is my father; and quite as queer a fish to deal with as the Canon can be. Just because I am not much of a reader, he is dissatisfied with my 'career'—so he calls it—at the University, and since, as he says, I don't seem inclined to do any good here—i.e., take my degree—he has announced his intention of taking my name off the college books. Here's his letter, received this morning; very amusing under the circumstances. An opening has occurred, it seems, in the Bush, and I am to be sent off to Australia to fill it. A likely joke—though from one point of view it is at least as serious as anything you have told me."

"But, my dear Herbert," pleaded Sophy, laying her hand on his arm, "why should you not go to Australia—just for the twelve months that must elapse before our marriage is made public? By complying with your father's wishes you will help to make matters easy for us. By waiting a little longer we shall not have cause to fear opposition. And then consider the safety of such an arrangement, how much better than all these risks and dangers. We can write to one another, you know; and think how delightful it will be to feel that the time is getting less and less, every month and every week, to the period when we shall meet without fear, never to part again."

He shook her hand off with angry vehemence and laughed derisively. "That is a very pretty proposition, upon my soul; what tenderness and affection it exhibits; and how very like what the conduct of a newly married wife should be! I have no doubt you would bear the twelve months' separation with great philosophy; and not without some trust in the 'chapter of accidents' whereby it might easily happen that I should be lost at sea, or shot at the gold-diggings; and Miss Sophia Gilbert could find another husband more to her mind."

"How can you be so unkind and talk of such horrid things, Herbert? Of course, I should be very miserable while you were away; but—er—"

"Ah! you may well say 'but—er,'" interrupted the young man, with a sneer. "It's 'butter' indeed. You know how

to lay it on with a trowel; but it is quite wasted on me, I do assure you. Try it on the Canon, with whom it may be of use. You have deceived him long enough with palaver, now you'll have to undeceive him with palaver."

"And if I was, as you say, to undeceive him," returned Sophy, very white and quiet, "what do you suppose would happen?"

"Well, there would be a row, of course; but he would say, like a wise man, 'There's no use in crying over spilt milk.' Perhaps I am not the sort of man he would have chosen for you. He would have preferred some bookish sneak like Adair, or some old fogey like Mavors; but, since we are married, he will have to make the best of it, and give us an allowance till you come of age."

"That, I am well convinced, he never will," said Sophy, firmly.

"And what does it matter if he doesn't? I can borrow money on your expectations for twelve months."

"I have no expectations, Herbert; that is, I mean, I shall have none if you insist on acting in this mad way. I am entirely dependent upon my guardian. If I marry while under age, without his consent, my fortune is forfeited. It goes into other hands."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Thank you; it is true, nevertheless."

"If it were true, it would only show how thoroughly well your people must have understood you, and what a slippery fish you always were; but it is most unlikely. I can find the truth out for myself, however, by going up to Doctors' Commons, and looking at your father's will. You are changing colour, I see; your story is false. You had better not send me on a fool's errand to town, young woman!"

"Herbert, Herbert! listen to me," cried the girl, passionately. "You don't know my guardian. If he ever finds out I have deceived him, he will never forgive me. And if I am not quite correct as to the—" —

"Ha, ha!" he put in. "I thought so. Now for another."

"I say I am quite certain that the will leaves a great deal to his discretion. He can make us a handsome allowance when I come of age, or a poor one; he can advance us money, or withhold it. Go up to Doctors' Commons, if you doubt me; and you will find it is so. You don't know your danger."

"Nor do you know yours, Sophy. Suppose for a moment that I accede to this Australian scheme—than which nothing is further from my intention—and if, when you were left behind in England, things should be said to your disadvantage. That man Adair, for example, knows enough; and, if I were not here to wring his neck, might use his knowledge to take away your character. That would be very awkward—I mean for you."

"The register of our marriage is in St. Anne's Church," said Sophy, slowly.

"You'd refer to that, would you? Upon my life, you take things very coolly," returned the other, grimly.

She was not cool at all, but only desperate. He had fathomed her hopes with great accuracy, when he spoke of the "chapter of accidents" to which a voyage to Australia would expose him: above all things, it would give her time: her nature was of that thoughtless and impulsive sort to which a respite seems well-nigh equal to a pardon. If she could only get rid of this dead weight of apprehension for a month or two, she felt that she could breathe freely and be almost herself again.

"The contingency of which you speak," she said, "would, at all events, place me in no worse position than your rashness and impatience place me now. Oh, Herbert, I have given up everything for you. You promised me, upon your word of honour, to keep our marriage secret until I came of age."

Her voice was so piteous, and her pretty face so appealing, that even the selfish heart of Herbert Perry was touched; unhappily, however, they also revived the cold embers of his love.

"But, Sophy, dear, you seem to forget that you and I are one. Is it nothing to you that I am separated from you, and only now and then have a chance of getting a word with you, even like this? And now you say that you are forbidden even to see me at all."

The argument had force in it, and there had been a time when it would have succeeded with her; but now she could not even bring herself to say, "And do I not suffer too?" In her heart of hearts she loathed and feared him.

"It is only for twelve months," she said.

"Only for twelve months," he answered, angrily. "A pretty thing for a girl to say, even to her lover. But for a wife to her husband—well, for certain, that is not my view, at all events. I shall write to my father and tell him how matters stand, and then let the old folks fight it out between them. And so, good-evening to you."

He had turned from her with fierce abruptness, and, stepping into his canoe, was out of arm-reach, or she would have clung to him in one last agonised appeal.

"Oh, Herby, Herby!" she exclaimed, using for the first time the endearing name by which she had been wont to call him, "you have pledged your word to me."

"My word! and did you not break your word when we met at St. Anne's, after promising Aunt Maria that you would never see me save in her company?"

A most cowardly and cruel speech, for what she had done had been for love of him. It was upon the tip of her tongue to say so; but perhaps she knew what his scolding retort would be—that it was for love of her that he was about to break his word; or perhaps, despairing though she was, her pride restrained her. At all events, she answered nothing; but with a sinking heart watched the light shallop disappear behind the alders. Her maid ran up to her, perceiving by her face that she was greatly agitated.

"He will do nothing to please me, Jeannette," she murmured.

"I dare say not, Miss Sophia. I never had but one opinion of him. His heart is like the stone in yonder mill. For my part, I wish he was drowned."

CHAPTER XVI.

SAD NEWS.

Upon the whole, however we men may complain of the hardness of our lives, Man's lot is free from the catastrophes to which that of Woman is liable. So long as he stops short of the infringement of the criminal law, things are rarely so desperate with him as they become with the other sex when they "stoop to folly." He may stoop low, and live to stoop again, but he, never. She only too literally "falls to rise no more." Sophy Gilbert, or to give her her proper title, Sophy Perry, of course, was in no such terrible plight as that. Tragedies infinitely graver were impending. Swords of Damocles infinitely sharper threatening to fall on housefuls of her own sex, though not indeed of her own rank in life; but her situation, if not tragic, was grave enough. What made it more serious was, that she was so singularly unfitted to bear it. It is a common circumstance, but one that fills us with the saddest forebodings for man's future, that the weak and fragile are too often marked out for misfortune. Why does Fate choose

the frailest, as the schoolboy bully selects his victim, for persecution? If, as some tell us, she is paramount, and there is no more merciful power to overrule her, matters are bad with us indeed.

To some young ladies, had they been in Sophy's position, it may have seemed a not very difficult task, though an unpleasant one, to make confession of the weakness that had led them into it. "I was in love with Mr. Herbert Perry, dear guardian; and since I knew I should not obtain your consent to our union, we married without it."

But Sophy knew that the Canon, with all his kindness, was not a man to be mollified where duplicity and double dealing were concerned; he had always treated her with so much trust and affection, and she had shown herself so utterly unworthy of trust. Against Miss Aldred her transgression was still graver, for the very liberty Aunt Maria had allowed her, contrary to her own better judgment, she had clandestinely abused. Once let her be discovered, and all confidence—and, it was only too likely, all affection too—would be withdrawn from her; and beside the Canon and his sister there were few who loved her. Yet, hard as all this was, there were worse features in the case. If Mr. Herbert Perry had been an eligible suitor, forgiveness, after a time, at all events, might have been looked for; but he was no favourite of Aunt Maria's, and in the Canon's eyes he was, as we know, utterly worthless as well as objectionable. Worse than all, she had by this time, notwithstanding her lack of opportunities, found this out for herself. She knew him to be coarse, selfish, and wrapped up in his own pleasure; and if his coltish nature broke through such a gilded pale as at present surrounded him—a husband of a few months, bound by every tie of honour and even of self-interest to behave himself with decency and circumspection—what was to be looked for when these restraints should be removed from him, and she became his indeed. A bitter task to plead for pardon, when, even if granted, it must needs be followed by life-long punishment!

It is not to be supposed that, because she had been so rash and wilful, Sophy did not shrink from the pain of exposure, as much as though she had been the most prudent and retiring of her sex. She foresaw only too plainly how the finger of public scorn would point, not only at her, but at them whose trust she had betrayed. This, then, was the end of all her "innocent flirtations," the result of her "having her own way," and being permitted to indulge in harmless gaieties without restraint—a clandestine marriage. Nor when that was known would the scoffing cease. She was not in the position of those who, having committed an error, can make the best of it or conceal its consequences. It was, as we have seen already, no secret between her and her only confidante that her union, if it could be called such, with Mr. Herbert Perry was bitterly repented of. Jeannette, though she had given way to her young mistress's solicitations in that matter, had always been opposed to it; yet even from her Sophy could not conceal her chagrin and repentance. "His heart is like a millstone; for my part, I wish he was drowned," had been Jeannette's exclamation when she had said "he will do nothing to please me;" and Sophy did not reprove her for it. His heart *was* hard; otherwise how could he have made light of her unhappy position, and, with cruel irony, bid her undeceive her guardian, as she had long deceived him, "by palaver." The advice, however, notwithstanding the form in which it was conveyed, was good. Before the blow fell on her, which she knew would shatter so much, it behoved her to do her best to conciliate the Canon and turn his heart towards her. Perhaps if she were to please him very much, an opportunity might offer itself to confess all and implore his forgiveness before necessity compelled her to do so. When, therefore, on reaching home, Miss Aldred informed her that her brother had asked a friend that evening, and hoped she would feel herself well enough to come down to dinner, she answered cheerfully in the affirmative.

And when Aunt Maria, noticing how unlike herself she looked, observed, "But not if it would distress you, darling," she replied, "It can never distress me to please the Canon."

The Canon was really pleased; for, under the circumstances, he had felt that, so far as Sophy's company was concerned, he had invited Adair to the Laurels in vain. His mind being set at rest on this point, this wily man bethought him of asking Mr. Mavors likewise. Not that he feared, as some men of his years would have done, a tête-à-tête with the young scholar after dinner. His mind was of that sort which accommodates itself to all ages or conditions of men; while in Adair's case, even if the talk should languish upon other topics, there was a common subject, Milton, for them to fall back upon. He asked the Tutor purely for Sophy's sake, since his presence would leave the young people more to themselves. It did not enter his head that the student and exponent of Plato could find any attraction in his ward, and took his ready acceptance of his invitation, at such short notice, as a personal compliment. When his sister suggested that Henny Helford should be asked, to make the little party complete, he replied, "No, no; five is company and six is none," with such decision that Aunt Maria acquiesced at once, in dumb amazement; and not until she had applied herself to that arithmetical problem, in the privacy of her own room, free from all disturbing influences, did she arrive at its solution.

Perhaps the translation in the sacred volume was wrong, she admitted, for the Canon often told her such was the case; but, otherwise, "Why, bless the man," was her reflection, "does not Scripture itself tell us, 'How vain is the net spread in sight of any bird,' and how much more in that of a young woman?"

Nor did she over-estimate, at all events in the case in question, the sagacity of the intended victim. Directly Sophy heard Mr. Adair's name announced (for her aunt had not divulged the name of the expected guest), she guessed in an instant for what cause the Canon had invited him. Young ladies of her description have their mind very full of lovers and love-making. I have a suspicion (which has, however, long ceased to put me upon my best behaviour) that they look upon every young gentleman who is introduced to them as a possible husband. In Sophy's case, this was, of course, out of the question, nor did she indeed credit her guardian with having introduced Adair with any definite matrimonial intentions: what she did think—and her thought was not far from the mark—was that Adair was asked by way of foil to Mr. Perry; and as an example of the sort of man to which the Canon wished to draw her favourable attention.

"Hitherto, my dear girl," he seemed to her to say, "you have shown a preference for cheap fancy goods, which will neither wash nor wear; allow me to show you a specimen of a stouter fabric, warranted to last your lifetime."

It was, as we have said, Sophy's fixed resolve to please the Canon, and, without much thought beyond it, she welcomed Mr. John Adair with a graciousness beyond his hopes. It did not strike her that, in case she showed signs of encouraging his attentions, the displeasure of her guardian would be all the greater when he came to know the real state of affairs. It was not her nature—when the consideration was not forced upon her—to think of the morrow; and, moreover, it is possible that her husband's evil behaviour caused her to regard with

less disfavour than heretofore, the man he had described as a "dried herring." He was certainly thin, thinner in his suit of evening clothes than usual, and still thinner by comparison with Mr. Mavors, who not only towered above him, as he stood behind him, but appeared on either side of him, giving the young scholar, for the moment, the remarkable appearance of having four arms. But when one looked at the latter's keen face, and speaking eyes, one forgot that he was thin, as men forget it in Paganini's playing. Mr. Mavors certainly did not remark that he was so thin, but (with regret and envy) that he was so young. From the Canon's note he had gathered that he was to be the only guest that evening, and he was by no means pleased to find that the same young gentleman who had monopolised so much of Miss Sophy's conversation the previous evening had been also invited. In other matters he was by no means diffident; it was not likely to be the case with a gentleman who had been reported to say of himself, "I'm not a conceited man, but I believe I know everything but botany"; but in affairs of the heart he felt that he was a freshman, though (unhappily) not in his first year.

After his salutations, he confined his attentions to Miss Aldred, not because she was his hostess and it was his duty, but from sheer bashfulness and ignorance of what a young lady like Miss Sophy would expect him to say. Adair, on the other hand, was by no means bashful, and entered at once into conversation with her. There was not, however—and this impressed her favourably—the least trace of familiarity (such as he had shown before), or the consciousness of being in possession of any secret of hers, in his tone or manner. The folding-doors between the drawing-room and the smaller apartment—with which, as she must have been well aware, he had gained entrance the preceding night—were open; but not a look escaped him to remind her of any previous occurrence, and when she presently took him into it to show him a portrait of the Canon, and they were alone together, he remarked upon the apartment as though he were beholding it for the first time. Perhaps it would have been wiser if Sophy had not accepted the position thus offered to her so readily as she did, since, in chiming in with this agnostic manner of his, she was, in fact, making herself not only his confidante but his confederate. The road, however, was smoother this way, and it was her wont to take the smoothest road.

"It was a very gay ball, I hear," said she.

"I believe so."

"But were you not there yourself?"

"I was there for a little while, but" (here his voice dropped)

"I was disappointed of my dance, you know."

"How foolish; as if there were not fifty other young ladies to dance with!"

"I only cared to dance with the one that was not there. When you did not come I was assured some misfortune had taken place."

"The house burnt down, eh?" she put in, smiling.

"Yes; something of that kind; and so I walked up here to see for myself."

After all, then, consideration for her position had not kept him silent. His very phrase "to see for myself" seemed to have a selfish touch in it. Perhaps young men were all alike, egotistic, heartless, cruel.

"It was very bad weather, was it not?"

"I don't know," he answered, softly; "I was not thinking of the weather."

The tenderness of his tone was such that she could hardly ignore it; under other circumstances it would undoubtedly have pleased her, as all such incense did; as it was, no harm could come of it, if Herbert put his resolve of writing to his father into effect (when she thought of that her very heart stood still, but for to-night she had shut it out of her thoughts), and in the mean time she would be pleasing the Canon by being civil to the young man.

So she only smiled, and murmured, "Indeed."

Then Barclay, the butler, came to the rescue with his battle cry, "Dinner is served," and Adair offered his arm and took her in. Mr. Mavors sat opposite to them. His duty to his neighbour and his hostess compelled him to converse with Miss Aldred, but his eyes often strayed over the way to Sophy. What on earth could she find to say, he wondered, to that uninteresting youth devoted to the higher mathematics, and what could have induced Aldred to ask such a fellow to dinner. It was not an Egyptian feast, that a skeleton should be any attraction to it.

Adair was speaking with approval of the walks about Cambridge, with which, as a reading man, he was very conversant from frequent "constitutional."

The Canon quoted a line from "In Memoriam" concerning the "level flats," and added something caustic of his own with respect to intellectual eminence which, he remarked, loomed against the horizon in that locality somewhat larger than it looked elsewhere. Of this latter taunt the Tutor, generally eager enough for combat on that ground, took no notice, but inveighed against the local scenery. No one but a mathematician, he said, could see anything to admire in a plain crossed by straight lines. Some people, however, could find grandeur even in the Gogmagogs; had Miss Gilbert ever heard the story of the freshman and the deaf professor in connection with that range of mountains. As Sophy had not heard it the Tutor proceeded to narrate it. It was a fine old stock story such as enjoys a perpetual youth in the University atmosphere and blooms (very unlike the aloe) a hundred times every October term, when new ears come up to hear it; only on this occasion Mr. Mavors dropped a little tarragon over it.

"The professor gave a dinner party," he said, "at which many eminent persons were present. With more good nature than good judgment, he included among his guests one solitary and very shy undergraduate; the unfortunate youth, feeling bound to say something to his host, hazarded the remark that the Gogmagogs were very high hills. The professor requested him to repeat the observation; and, still unable to catch it, told his servant to fetch his ear-trumpet. The appearance of that unhappy youth while waiting for the ear-trumpet, and vainly endeavouring to think of some observation more worthy of the occasion and the instrument than the 'Gogmagogs are very high hills' I shall not easily forget."

"Poor boy," said Sophy, plaintively; "and then what happened?"

"Well, nothing more, except that the professor listened to the young gentleman's remarks amid the profoundest silence, and laid down his trumpet with an 'Ugh,' which Mr. Fenimore Cooper describes as 'so significant in the mouth of a red Indian.'"

"I think the walk to Chesterton is one of the pleasantest," continued Adair, resuming his conversation with Sophy, as if it had suffered no solution of continuity whatever, "and then home by Trumpington Mill."

Sophy felt the blood rush to her forehead, and was about to stammer out some commonplace, when a note was placed by the butler in the Tutor's hand, with a whispered "the bearer writes, if you please, Sir."

While the Canon was saying "Nothing the matter, I hope, Mavors?" and Miss Aldred, expressing the same sentiment by her anxious looks, "I shall be staying up during the Long

Vacation," went on Adair, in a lower tone, "and I hope you will allow me sometimes to point out to you—and to Miss Aldred, of course—what is most worth seeing in the neighbourhood."

"It will give us great pleasure," she said, "I'm sure."

It was a bold reply; was it possible that Mr. Mayors had heard it, since he threw such a quick, serious glance across at her, and looked so grave? He had read the note, and was putting it carefully into his pocket.

"Tell the messenger, Barclay," he said, "that I shall be in my rooms in twenty minutes."

"Must you leave us so soon?" inquired the hostess, sympathetically.

"Why, yes, I am sorry to say I must; it is a piece of rather pressing college business. Prater (the other Tutor) is away this week, so I have his 'side' to look after as well as my own."

Miss Aldred, with womanly tact, at once perceived that something serious, but which was not to be disclosed, at all events to ladies' ears, had happened, and gave Sophy that mystic nod which is the blue-peter of the female fleet: the signal for sailing out of the room. As the door closed behind them, Mr. Mayors, with his hand upon his chair, observed with emotion, "A sad calamity has taken place, Aldred."

"Not, I trust, of a private nature?" exclaimed the Canon.

"As regards myself, no; but from something that dropped from you the other day, I am afraid it may affect you somewhat. Mr. Herbert Perry was, I believe, a visitor at the Laurels. He is drowned. His body has just been found in the river."

(To be continued.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 18, 1874), with a codicil (dated Sept. 22, 1879), of Mr. William Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society, late of No. 41, Grosvenor-place, and of Combe Bank, Kent, who died on June 27 last, was proved on the 15th inst. by George Edward Eyre, and George Andrew Spottiswoode, the brother, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £187,000. The testator devises the Combe Bank estate to his son, William Hugh, and his messuages and hereditaments in New-street and Fetter-lane to his son, who shall, secondly, attain the age of twenty-one years, and he charges the said two properties with the payment, in equal proportions, of such sum as, with the money they will be entitled to under his marriage settlement, will make up the portions of his other children, if he should have any, to £12,000 each. All his share and interest in the capital, stock, plant, and goodwill of the business of Queen's Printer, carried on by him in partnership with Mr. George Edward Eyre, he gives to his two sons who shall first attain twenty-one, charged with the payment of £1500 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Taylor Spottiswoode, for her life. The testator also leaves to his wife £1000, a further sum of £250 to be distributed by her among his servants, and such household and stable furniture effects at No. 50, Grosvenor-place as she may select; and he gives her the right to use, during the minority of his son, his mansion house, with the furniture and effects, at Combe Bank. His leasehold house, No. 41, Grosvenor-place, is left to his wife for life, and then to his son Cyril Andrew. He bequeaths £10,000 to his brother, George Andrew; £2500 each to his sisters, Rosa and Augusta; £1000 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Brandreth; £100 to his partner, George Edward Eyre; and £500 to his partner or partners to distribute among the clerks employed in his said business. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will and codicil (both dated Aug. 11, 1882) of General the Right Hon. Henry, Baron Rokeby, G.C.B., Colonel of the Scots Guards, late of No. 7, Stratford-place, who died on May 25 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Lord Abinger and Colonel Edward Goulburn, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testator settles the Denton estate, Northumberland, on his grandson, Lord Henry Paulet; and he devises the Burneston and Swainby estates, Yorkshire, upon trusts, for sale, the income to be paid to his daughter Mrs. Harriet Dawson Damer, for life; at her death, £10,000 of the proceeds are to go to her second son, Montague, and the remainder to her eldest son, Lionel; but in the event of his succeeding to certain estates in his lifetime, the whole proceeds are to go to Montague. The Eryholme estate, Yorkshire, is devised, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Magdalen Wellesley, for life, and then for her children. He bequeaths £5000 to his granddaughter, Lady Lilian Paulet, £500 to each of his executors, and legacies to household servants. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his three surviving daughters.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1880), with a codicil (dated Nov. 27, 1882), of Sir Thomas Tynningham Bernard, Bart., D.L., late of Carlyle-square, Chelsea, and of Nether Winchendon, Bucks, who died on May 8 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Mr. Joseph Napier Higgins, Q.C., William Walton, and the Rev. Charles Vere Spencer, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator leaves his Buckinghamshire estates, including the mansion house, with the furniture and effects, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth Higgins, for life, and then for her son, Francis Tynningham Higgins; his Middlesex estates, including his mansion in Carlyle-square, with the furniture and effects, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Mrs. Louisa Walton, for life, and then for her issue, as she shall appoint; and legacies to his daughter, granddaughter, nephews, nieces, executors, domestic servants, outdoor labourers, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said daughter and granddaughter.

The will (dated March 31, 1882) of the Rev. Sir William Lionel Darell, Bart., late of Fretherne Court, Gloucestershire; and of No. 22, Upper Brook-street, who died on June 1 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Dame Fanny Julia Darell, the widow, Sir Lionel Edward Darell, Bart., the son, Eugene Wason, and Romer Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator, in bequeathing an annuity of £100 to his daughter, Flora Mary Claremont, and £2500 to his son, Edward Tierney Gilkrest Darell, mentions that, in addition to the provision he has made for them in his lifetime, his three children are already largely provided for under the wills of Sir Edward Tierney and Lady Nightingall. The Darell diamonds and the Nightingall plate are left to his wife for life, and, subject thereto, such diamonds and plate, and also the Darell and his gift plate, are made heirlooms to go with the Fretherne estate. To his wife he also leaves £5500, and some jewellery and his town residence, with certain furniture, effects, horses and carriages, a house in York-place, and a house at Fretherne, with furniture, for life; and there are legacies to his executors and to his friend Thomas Watts. His mansion house, Fretherne Court, the advowson of Fretherne, and all his manors, messuages, and hereditaments in the county of Gloucester are settled on his

eldest son, Lionel Edward, who has succeeded to the baronetcy. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then upon trusts similar to the uses declared of his settled real estate.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1879), with a codicil (dated July 17, 1882), of Elie Roger Louis de Talleyrand Périgord, Prince de Chalais, Duc de Périgord, late of No. 41, Rue Saint-Dominique, Paris, who died on April 7 last, was proved in London on the 31st ult. by François Ernest Merlin, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £20,000. The testator leaves to the hospital at Chalais 100,000f. and his estate of Chalais; and there are other charitable legacies. The principal legatees are the Mortemart family, among whom is divided the sum of 1,000,000f.; Gabriel Count de Choiseul, who gets the estate of St. Aignan; the testator's niece, Marie de Béarn, who takes the estate of Couloutre and other properties; his nephew, Auguste d'Arenberg; his niece, Jeanne d'Arenberg, and her brother Henry; and his godson and nephew, Eloyde de Béarn, to whom is bequeathed 150,000f.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1882), with two codicils (dated Jan. 5 and April 25, 1883), of Mr. Edward Jessel, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, formerly of No. 49, Gordon-square, but late of Bushey, Herts, who died on May 21 last at Hastings, was proved on the 12th ult. by Mrs. Rebecca Julia Jessel, the widow, Thomas Hayward Budd, and George Brodie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator leaves to his wife £200 and his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, household effects, horses and carriages, and the use of his messuages and hereditaments at Bushey, and £400 per annum for life; upon trust for his sons Herbert Frank and Reginald Percy, £6000; there are also other legacies to his children and to his executors and coachman. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his four children, Ernest Edward, Frank Herbert, Reginald Percy, and Mrs. Mary Theresa Hamilton, in equal shares. The deceased was an elder brother of the late Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls.

The will (dated April 10, 1883) of Mr. Simeon Jacobs, C.M.G., formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, late of No. 22, Holland Park Gardens, who died on June 15 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by David Quixano Henriques, Lionel Van Oven, and Mrs. Ellen Jacobs, the widow, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator gives to his wife £700 and his furniture and effects; there are also some memorial gifts, including his Serjeant's ring, to his son, David Lewis Henriques, and a few other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life; in the event of her marrying again a fixed annuity is substituted for such life interest, and, subject thereto, to be equally divided between all his children.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1880), with a codicil (dated Nov. 7 following), of Mr. George Case, late of No. 76, Jermyn-street, who died on May 18 last at No. 33, Wimpole-street, was proved on the 28th ult. by William Philip Price and William Edwin Price, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testator divides his property into two funds: the charitable fund, consisting of all his property which may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes; and the real fund, consisting of the remainder of his estate. He bequeaths £100 to the Gloucester General Infirmary; £300 to his trustees to be applied at their uncontrolled discretion "for the promotion of the innocent enjoyment and amusement on Sundays for and amongst those who are frequently called the lower orders of the people;" and legacies to his executors. The residue of both funds are to be held, upon trust, for the benefit of his brother, John Bolton Case, for life; at his death he leaves the real fund to his executors absolutely; and the charitable fund to the trustees of the trust founded by Robert Hibbert (to be called "The Case Fund") the income to be applied "in the promotion of free thought, unfettered learning, and frank utterances in matters connected with religion, and the development, learning, and highest culture of man."

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1883) of Miss Isabella Bewick, late of No. 19, West-street, Gateshead, who died on June 8 last, was proved at the Durham district registry on the 21st ult. by Joseph Crawhall and John Wheeldon Barnes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the National Life-Boat Institution, Adelphi, to build and maintain a life-boat to be called the "Thomas Bewick," in respect to the memory of her late father, to be stationed at Tynemouth or some other part of the coast of Northumberland; £200 to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Museum; £100 each to the Abbot Memorial School, Gateshead, and the Newcastle-on-Tyne Refuge for Destitute Boys; her paintings, water-colour drawings, prints, engravings, and the bust with pedestal of her late father, to her executors absolutely, in confidence that they will present or dispose of them to such institution or institutions as will best perpetuate and keep alive the memory of Thomas Bewick and his ability; and many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property is to go to the children of Ralph Ward, a relative of her late mother.

The will of Mr. William Martyn, late of Penpole, Crantock, Cornwall, was proved on the 9th inst. by William Martyn, nephew of the deceased, one of the executors. The personal estate was sworn under £15,000.

At a meeting of the Middlesbrough Chamber of Commerce yesterday week rules were adopted constituting a Tribunal of Arbitration for employers in the northern iron trade, the shipping and allied trades, the Council of the Chamber constituting the Arbitration Committee.

Presiding at a meeting of the shareholders of the Submarine Continental Railway Company yesterday week, Sir E. Watkin, M.P., spoke hopefully of their being yet able to accomplish the work of tunnelling the English Channel, and the report, recommending an appeal to Parliament on the subject next year, was unanimously adopted.

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INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL-HUNTING.

In the varied and extensive display of marine industries all over the world, now open at Kensington, no section is more deserving of consideration than that of Newfoundland, historically the earliest, and geographically the nearest, British colony. Although the French, as well as the English, have for centuries been active on the Newfoundland fishing grounds, they are still as productive as ever, and seem to be inexhaustible. Cod, herrings, mackerel, salmon, and lobsters abound. Of codfish alone the exports average over 1,500,000 cwt. annually, and in 1882 the official valuation amounted to £1,646,118. The seal-hunting, which is also an occupation of great value, was formerly carried on by sailing vessels; but twenty-four large steamers are now employed, and these often make two sealing voyages in the season, which continues from March 10 to May 10, during which period the ice floes are drifting about upon which the adult seals have come to whelp. After the sealing season these steamers are employed in the cargo trade, carrying goods and merchandise to various countries. The average capture of seals is from 300,000 to 400,000, but as many as 700,000 have been taken in a single season. This department of the exhibition at South Kensington is one of great interest, in its zoological as well as in its commercial aspects. The stuffed seals, the models of sealing ships and steamers, showing the modes of capturing the animals on the fields of floating ice, the fine trophy of seals' skins and seal leather have specially attractive features for the popular mind. On the pinnacles of an iceberg are to be seen the adult animals with their progeny. This is the starting point. There are, next, a few very fine furs, with white or black hair, of excellent quality, such as ladies prize for their capes and cloaks. But it is not to the advantage of the Newfoundlanders to furnish these to the market. There is more profit to be made by allowing the seals to attain fuller maturity. The young seal loses its white fur in three weeks, and the killing of the young animals under this age is prohibited. It is the adult skin and the fat which have the highest commercial value; and it is forbidden to bring in the produce if the skin and fat are under 30lb. in weight. When the young seals are eight or ten days old the pelt will weigh only from 12lb. to 14lb.; but growth increases at the rate of 3lb. a day, so that at the end of twenty-five days the pelt will have attained to from 40lb. to 45lb. The young seals are thus in their best condition at the beginning of April, or at the time when they take to the water. The animals when killed on the ice are cut open, and the skin, with its layer of fat, is stripped off, the fat being next separated from the skin by the knife. This fat is cut up and put into steam vats and the oil steamed out. The skins are salted in bulk, and when cured are shipped to England. The whole of them come to England, and are here made into leather. The skins are thick enough to be split into two, and often into three layers. The tanning and production of the leather is done entirely in this country, nearly all our patent leather, and certainly the best of it, being produced from the Newfoundland seal skins. Even the excellent specimens in the trophy itself in this section are English-made leather. Amongst the rows of tall glass-stoppered bottles in the exhibit may be seen samples of seal oil of wonderful purity and transparency, all but colourless, and almost without smell.

Only sailing-vessels were formerly employed in the sealing voyages, but out of nearly 400 such vessels, varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty tons burden, and generally of brig or brigantine rig, there are not twenty now remaining in this service. These were built very strong, to resist the pressure of the ice surrounding them when at their work, being full-timbered, sheathed, and with hold beams passed through the vessel, the bows being secured with iron. They were not, however, so strong as the present steamers, which are from 300 to 600 tons, and of from 80 to 150 horse-power. These have from six to eight feet solid deadwood in the bows, and thick sides double planked, the outer planking being either of "green heart" or "ironwood." They carry on their expeditions from 200 to 300 men each, and on the 10,000 hands employed in this hazardous occupation of seal capturing the Newfoundlanders pride themselves, as a body of men that are not to be matched for bodily strength, daring, and endurance. There is said to be not a man of their number over thirty-five years of age; and the Dundee vessels always get their sealing crews from the island, as their own men, when the noted Scotch port first entered on the fishery, could do nothing as compared to the Newfoundlanders. The breaking away of the ice, the cold, and many incidents peculiar to the ice-fields, are calculated to give rise to considerable risk of life. It will be remembered that, in June last, fifteen sailing schooners, fitted out from the Magdalen Islands, were firmly jammed in an ice-field north of the Straits of Belle Isle, when the crews were for some days in great peril, and in a starving condition; but assistance was sent from Newfoundland, and they were all happily rescued.

THE BRITISH SEA FISHERIES' GALLERY.

One of our Illustrations published this week is a view of the western part (north side) of the long and lofty gallery devoted to the British Sea Fisheries, and to a variety of British-built boats, including some used for fresh-water fishing, immediately adjacent to the Entrance Hall. It contains, on the right hand, a few of the river-boats of Messrs. E. Seale and Sons, Lambeth, and the Meiter and Berthon collapsible dinghies, canoes, and punts, which can be folded up in a small space; while to the left hand are shown first-class sea-fishing boats, from the east coast; beautiful models, chiefly of American fishing-vessels, on the tables; and a large collection of nets used in the British mackerel, pilchard, herring, sprat, and other sea fisheries, by Mr. Craggs, of Lowestoft, and other manufacturers, besides crab and lobster traps, fishing-lines, and many articles of the piscatorial craft. We have not space here for a more particular description.

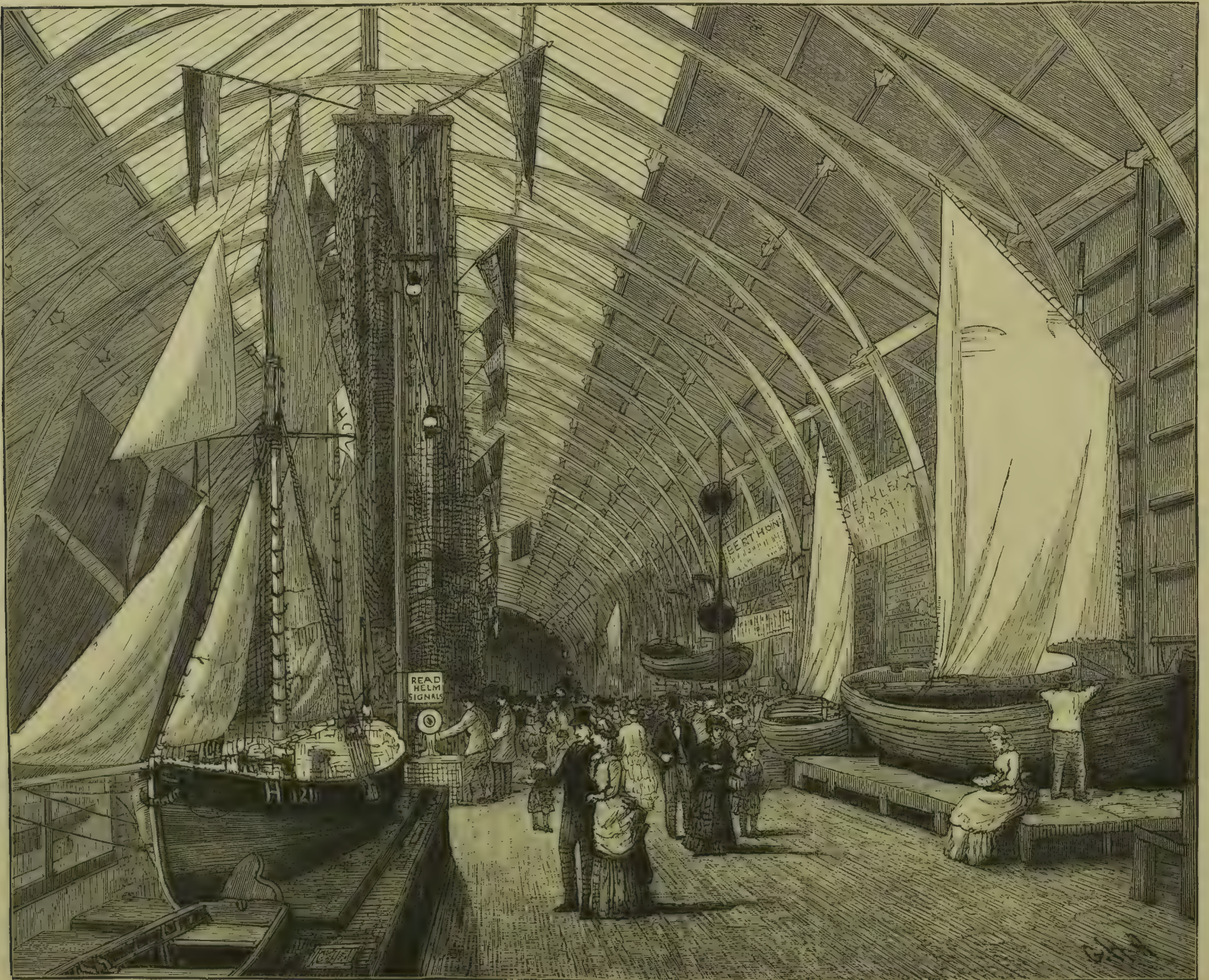
Lord Shaftesbury has consented to act as president of the Luther Commemoration; Mr. J. Maden Holt, late M.P. for North-East Lancashire, as chairman of committees; and Mr. George Williams, of St. Paul's-churchyard, as treasurer. Bishops, peers, and members of the House of Commons are among the vice-presidents.

Mr. G. L. Huston, of Parkersburg, Pennsylvania, is, according to *Land*, building himself an iron house. It will have its foundations in the solid rock. The outer and inner walls will be hollow, and will be composed of two courses of iron plates, bolted together. The floors will be of iron plates bolted to iron joists; but the hall, vestibule, and library will be laid with polished cast-iron tiles. The roof is to be of boiler-plate, almost of a strength to resist a bombardment, while even the inner doors and the sashes of the windows will be of iron. Outside, the house will be painted as though it were an ordinary wooden building, while inside the walls will be painted and frescoed. The mantel-pieces are to be of steel, save in the library, where there will be one of fused pig-iron. Allowance will be made for contraction and expansion by making breaks in the iron, and filling them with india-rubber.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.



MODEL TO ILLUSTRATE SEAL-HUNTING: IN THE NEWFOUNDLAND SECTION.



BOATS AND NETS IN THE BRITISH SEA FISHERIES GALLERY.



THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT: SCENE IN THE COURTYARD OF A HOUSE AT CAIRO.

OBITUARY.

GENERAL GORDON.

General William Gordon, C.B., died suddenly at Drumminnow whilst out grouse-shooting. He was born June 26, 1821, the fifth son of the late Mr. John Gordon, of Cairnbulr, in the county of Aberdeen, J.P., by Catharine Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir William Forbes, fifth Baronet, of Craigievar; entered the Army in 1838, and served with the 17th in the Crimea. He commanded his regiment at the assault on the Redan, the assault of Sept. 8, and at the surrender of Kinburn; was three times mentioned in despatches, and attained the full rank of General in 1881. He was a Companion of the Bath, a Knight of the Legion of Honour and of the Medjidie. General Gordon married, in 1876, Anne Helen Margaret, daughter of Captain Stirling Stuart, of Castle Milk, in the county of Lanark, and niece of the late Mr. Stirling Craufurd, of Milton, but leaves no issue. His surviving brothers are Lieutenant-General John Gordon, C.B., and Vice-Admiral Alexander Gordon.

ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.

The Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, was found dead in his bed, while on a visit at Ince Blundell, near Liverpool, on the 19th inst. His Grace was born in 1834, the second son of the late Lieut.-Colonel John Francis Vaughan, J.P. and D.L., of Courtfield, in the county of Hereford, by Eliza Louisa, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Rolls, of The Hendre, in the county of Monmouth; and was grandson of Mr. William Michael Thomas John Vaughan, of Courtfield (the descendant of an ancient and eminent Welsh family), by Teresa, his wife, daughter of Mr. Joseph Weld, of Lulworth, and niece of Cardinal Weld. The Archbishop's eldest brother, Dr. Herbert Alfred Vaughan, is the well-known and accomplished Bishop of Salford. Of the eight sons of the late Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, six entered holy orders of the Church of Rome; and of the four daughters all became nuns.

REV. DR. KNOX.

The Rev. Robert Knox, D.D., the Presbyterian minister of Belfast, whose death is announced, was an active and distinguished member of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterians, and occupied for forty years the pulpit of the Linen Hall-street Church. His work, "The Crisis; Plain Truths and Stern Facts for Earnest Men," published at the time of the Irish Church disestablishment, had a wide circulation, and made a deep impression. Dr. Knox was one of the leaders of the Pan-Presbyterian Council movement.

MR. CLIVE.

Mr. Charles Meysey Bolton Clive, of Whitfield, county Hereford, J.P., died at Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the 11th inst. He was born Jan. 30, 1842, the only son of the Rev. Archer Clive, M.A., of Whitfield, by Caroline, his wife; daughter and coheir of Mr. Edmund Meysey Wigley, of Shakenhurst, county Worcester, and was grandson of Mr. Edward Bolton Clive, of Whitfield, grandnephew of the great Lord Clive, by Harriet, his wife, daughter and coheir of Andrew, Lord Archer, of Umberslade. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford; and succeeded to the extensive estates of his father in 1878. He married, January, 1867, Lady Catherine Feilding, youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Denbigh, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel James McIver Campbell, of Asknish, Argyleshire, on the 10th inst., at Stonehouse, Devon, aged eighty-two.

Major-General Montagu Thomas French, of the Madras Staff Corps, late of the 34th Madras Native Infantry, on the 18th inst., at his residence in Kensington, aged sixty-two.

The Hon. Wirt Sykes, United States Consul for South Wales, recently, at Cardiff, aged forty-seven. Mr. Sykes was a well-known contributor to American magazines, and author of "British Goblins," "Old South Wales," and other works.

The Rev. Abel John Ram, of Clonatin, county Wexford, Rector of Rolleston, Staffordshire, and Honorary Canon of Rochester Cathedral, on the 18th inst., in his eightieth year. He had been Honorary Canon since 1867.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Baldwin Wake, late 21st Hussars, at Moulton Grange, in his fiftieth year, on the 7th inst., sixth son of the late Sir Charles Wake, tenth Baronet, of Courteen Hall, in the county of Northampton, by Charlotte, his second wife, sister of Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Nathaniel Clarke Barnardiston, recently, at his residence, The Ryas, near Sudbury, in his eighty-fourth year. Mr. Barnardiston's life was a long, useful, honourable, and kindly one. He was the oldest acting magistrate for Essex, having qualified for that position fifty-six years ago. He served the office of Chairman of the Essex Court of Quarter Sessions. He was a magistrate for Suffolk as well, and patron of two livings. The Barnardiston family were formerly of Ketton, the adjoining parish to Barnardiston, in Suffolk, whence they derive their name, having been located there before the Conquest. Two baronetcies in succession were created in this family, but they both became extinct. Major Barnardiston, who succeeds his father, was born in 1832. He married, in 1858, Lady Florence, fifth daughter of William, fourth Earl of Dartmouth.

THE CHOLERA AT CAIRO.

We are happy to be informed that there was only one recorded death from cholera in the capital of Egypt during the twenty-four hours comprised in the daily report on Monday last; but, at Alexandria, the deaths were thirty-seven; in the remainder of Lower Egypt, eighty-four; and 306 in Upper Egypt. It seems now to be completely ascertained that this epidemic, which has cost nearly fifteen thousand lives, is not Asiatic cholera, and cannot have been imported from India, but is of local origin, having originated in some districts last April, simultaneously with an outbreak of "bovine typhus." On the Damietta branch of the Lower Nile, as we observed at the first appearance of the disease, it is likely to have been fostered, and perhaps occasioned, by the poisoning of the water from the number of unburied carcasses of oxen, seventy of which were counted floating down the river at Shirbine on the 17th inst. The ravages of the disease among the population of that district appear now to have almost entirely ceased, and the autumnal overflow of the Nile may perhaps carry off the admixture of pernicious matter. Our Artist has depicted, in the Illustration published this week, a melancholy scene of hopeless suffering, with the lack of proper attendance, in the households of native families occupying different apartments of a large town house at Cairo, where the dying cholera patients have been laid in the open court-yard, either for the sake of the cool air, in the evening, or because the other inhabitants dread the chance of infection within the building. On the stone steps, and in the balcony above, several of these poor creatures are beheld in attitudes of extreme exhaustion, while their despairing friends know not whither to turn for aid and relief. The notorious incompetency of Egyptian medical practitioners, and the culpable indolence of the Egyptian Government officials, have cost

the death of thousands who might have been saved. By the efforts, more recently, of Dr. W. Guyer Hunter and his staff of English physicians and surgeons, not only in Cairo but in other towns of Egypt, a salutary change has been effected; and we hope that the Khedive's Ministers will comply with the urgent demands addressed to them by the agents of the British Government, to institute a thorough reform of sanitary and medical provisions. Egypt has already lost twice as many of the people by cholera this year as by the war that ended with the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

A B S (Tetterford).—The games are very acceptable. Accept our cordial thanks for your courteous attention.

ALPHA.—Thanks for the diagram. See our notice to you last week.

W B (Stratford).—We note the emendation of your problem. It is still under examination.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from W T Aman, W Pybus, and J S Thorns.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2032 received from Cash (Gloucester), N A, and H Youssoufian (Constantinople); of No. 2033 from Lavinia Grove; of No. 2034 from Schmucke, E L G, T R Dyer, New Forest, and Henry Frau (Lyons).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2035 received from H Wardell, L L Greenaway, Schmucke, E L G, N A, F Ferris, J T W, C E Taylor, Alpha, Otto Euler (Ghent), S Grange, G M Grace, E Loudon, C Darragh, E Casella (Paris), W T Aman, H W Feather, Uncle Mac, Raymond, A W Scruton, C S Cox, E C H (Worthing), Gyp, J C W, P S Shenale, Pilgrim, E Elsbury, L Falcon (Antwerp), Smutch, H H Noyes, L Sharswood, E Sharswood, H K Awdry, R H Brooks, Jupiter Junior, S Lowndes, E E H, B R Wood, Ben Nevis, A R Street, E L G, M O Halloran, D W Kell, Julia Short, Plevna, T Brandreth, H A P, Jumbo, L Fort, J Hall, James Pilkington, Harry Springthorpe, R T Kemp, G S Oldfield, G W Law, and M Tipping.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2054.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 8th

2. Kt to Q 7th

3. Kt mates accordingly.

BLACK.

R (R 2nd) takes K

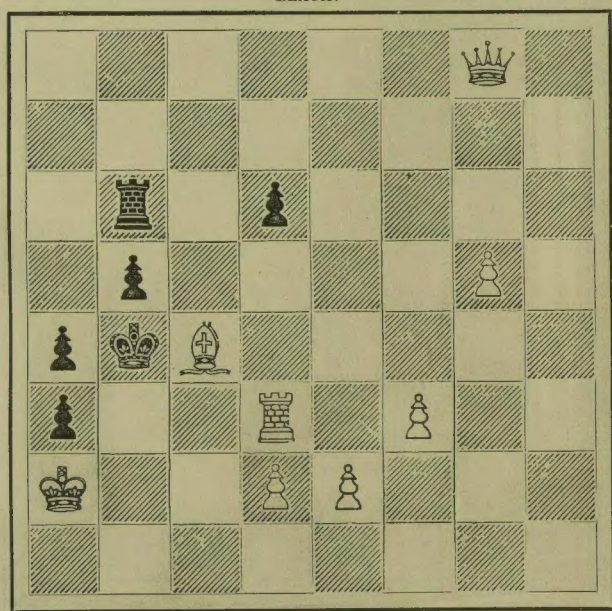
Any move

NOTE.—If Black play 1. R (Kt square) takes Q, White continues with 2. Kt takes P, and if 1. Q takes R, then 2. Q to K R square, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2057.

By JOHANN BERGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Game played in the First-class Tourney between Messrs. THOROLD and LEE.

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
4. P to Q 4th
5. B to Kt 5th is better, although the text move should give an even game.
6. Kt takes P P takes P
7. B to Q 2nd B to Kt 5th
8. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt
9. B to Q 2nd

The correct continuation here is 7. Q to K 4th. The move made seems to give Black an immediate advantage. A bolder course might have been adopted, playing 7. B to Q 3rd, leaving the Pawns on the Q file to be doubled, and having the two Bishops with very free ranges.

7. Castles R to K sq
8. Castles B takes Kt
9. B takes B Kt takes P
10. B takes Kt
11. B takes Kt

A Pawn is now gone, and it would certainly have been advisable to have kept the two Bishops on the board as long as possible. 11. B to Q 5th would have been safe for himself and slightly menacing to the adversary.

11. R takes B
12. Q to B 3rd P to K 4th
13. Q R to Q sq
13. K R to K square seems more to the purpose.

13. P to K B 4th
14. Q to Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd
15. P to B 3rd P to B 5th
16. Q to B 2nd P to K 7th
17. K R to K sq B to R 3rd
18. R takes R B takes R
19. R to K sq R to K sq

For the notes to the foregoing game we are indebted to Mr. Skipworth.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

The following are the names of the gentlemen (arranged in the order of merit) selected in 1881, who, after two years' training in this country, have passed the final examination:—

W. R. Partridge, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); M. W. Fenton, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); W. C. Rand, Bombay; J. M. Holms, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); H. S. Hartnoll, Burmah; W. Teunon, Bengal (Lower Provinces); G. F. G. Forbes, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); T. C. Wilson, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); H. W. C. Carnduff, Bengal (Lower Provinces); W. Harvey, Bombay; A. T. A. Shaw, Bengal (Lower Provinces); H. A. Hughes, Bombay; L. C. Miller, Madras; C. G. Dodgson, Bombay; H. C. Cookson, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); W. H. Cobb, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); G. E. L. Campbell, Madras; P. C. Lyon, Bengal (Lower Provinces); N. G. Cholmeley, Burmah; W. Maude, Bengal (Lower Provinces); R. A. Gamble, Bombay; A. Lucas, Bombay; A. W. R. Cadell, Bengal (Lower Provinces); J. I. Herald, Bengal (Lower Provinces); E. A. Elwin, Madras; J. S. Campbell, North-West Provinces (Punjab and Oude); J. D. S. Fitz-Maurice, Bombay; J. H. Monahan, Bengal (Lower Provinces).

R. H. Shipley, Madras, who was selected in 1880, has also passed this examination.

On Oct. 16 and 17 the Cheshire Dairy Farmers' Association, established under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster to encourage the production and distribution of Cheshire cheese, has decided to hold its annual exhibition in Chester. There are ten classes, in which handsome prizes are given.

GOLD ORNAMENTS OF THE INCAS OF PERU.

We give some Illustrations of a very interesting and unique collection of gold ornaments from the "Huacas" or graves of the Incas of Peru. They were obtained by Señor Don Leocadio Maria Arango, of Medellia, during a residence of thirty years in that country, but have now passed into the collection of Lady Brassey. To readers acquainted with the romantic history of Peru, an inspection of these antiquities will recall the memories of Cuzco, capital of the Incas, the golden City of the Sun, that hallowed spot which surpassed in splendour even the gorgeous fables of the Arabian Nights. Its great edifice, the Temple of the Sun-God, was appropriately called "Corieancha," or "the Place of Gold." From Prescott's description, it seems to have well merited this name. The interior was like a mine of the precious metal, every part glowing with the most exquisite burnished ornaments, of the purest gold, whilst the cornices which surrounded the sanctuary were of the same material. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was the substance of "the tears wept by the Sun." Historical studies find an enticing theme in the wonderful career of this once great and enlightened people. The often mythical pages of Garcilasso de la Vega, the simple record of Bernal Diaz, the untrustworthy accounts of Montesino and Rivero, with the modern researches and compilations of Prescott, Robinson, Markham, and Squiers, are the chief authorities we have concerning the Peruvians, their origin and civilisation. The barbarous acts of the Spanish conqueror Pizarro and his followers, with their cruel desecration of the Inca temples and burial-grounds to satisfy their thirst for gold, caused the loss of much historical knowledge. We can only determine it by a study of the antiquities overlooked by those Spanish marauders. It seems probable that the ancient Yuncas or Incas migrated from China or some other parts of Eastern Asia; but Manco Capac and his spouse, Mama Oello Huaco, centuries afterwards, in the year 1050, founded the Inca empire proper. Lady Brassey's collection contains objects both from the earlier and the latter period. We now refer to the articles shown in our Illustrations.

Fig. 2 represents a flat coil of gold used as a belt or huacac during a certain festival called *Umu-Raymi*, when it was presented to some noble for performing feats of arms. It was also used as an emblem of royalty, and was bound round the head of any consort of the Kings of the Incas.

Fig. 3, of pure gold, represents an idol from the altar of a priest, which was devoted, as will be seen, to the deification of the condor, the king of the birds of prey of that region, and generally of the Andes. Above the birds are gods with head-dresses, representing the Sun.

Fig. 4 is a small golden breast-plate, in the shape of the sun, worn as a pendant.

Figs. 21 and 22 represent the front and side view of the rarest object in the collection, which is, without doubt, unique. It is a celt or wedge, of the neolithic type, in pure gold; the edge of which has evidently been hardened by hammering. It is the precise type of the ordinary Scandinavian celt, and is the only known existing specimen of the true type in the precious metal.

Fig. 5, a nose ornament, is an exquisite specimen of workmanship of the true Inca type. Of bright gold, it is beautifully engraved, the coil-like pattern being precisely similar to the ornamentation of the Scandinavian and Hungarian bronze implements. An eminent Danish antiquary considers these spirals as imitations of the moon.

Fig. 19, also a nose ornament, is of the brightest 24-carat gold, and resembles greatly the fine work of the Etruscans. It could hardly be surpassed by the goldsmiths of our own age. Fig. 16 is another type of the same description. These are of the true Inca type.

Figs. 6 and 10 are of a coppery coloured gold, and were worn by the Indians of the Chiriqui tribes, to the north of Cuzco. These tribes were known to each other and throughout the country by the animals they revered, in somewhat similar manner as England is now represented by the lion, Russia the bear, and France the eagle.

Fig. 11 is the frog, which also belonged to the Chiriqui tribes; whilst 12 and 13, the lizards, are most probably of Chinese origin.

Fig. 9 is a variety of flying-fish; Fig. 15, the representation of the shell of the genus *helix*; Fig. 1, of a fish-hook. These most probably came, as is considered by Señor Baptista Garat, from Yumbeg, upon the coast, the locality at which Pizarro landed.

Figs. 7 and 18 are types of earrings; the former being precisely the shape of the Mexican hats, whilst the fastening, it will be noticed, is similar to the corkscrew now in use for diamond solitaires. These are true Inca ornaments, as is also the flattened hairpin (Fig. 20) of the most yellow gold.

The idol shown in Fig. 8 is of Yunca or ancient Inca origin, and was taken from a grave upon the plain of Canete. Fig. 17 is a whistle, and is also of true Inca type, as is the beautiful buckle with spiral ornamentation, Fig. 14.

The whole collection consists of 113 specimens, and is the most complete of any known, in Europe or elsewhere. It is destined to occupy a place at Normanhurst Court, the residence of Lady Brassey, where, by the accustomed liberality of the owner, it will be open to inspection upon days specially appointed for viewing the treasures of that splendid mansion. We are indebted to Mr. Bryce Wright, of Regent-street, mineralogist and lapidary, who has arranged the collection, for our Illustrations of the articles here noticed, and for the above description of them.

The Eagle Tavern, recently in the occupation of "General" Booth, has been reopened as a licensed public-house.

Seven years ago James Redfern, sculptor, died, in the prime of life, having shown himself in his too-brief career to be an artist of rare genius. His widow and children, after struggling hard against their fate, are now in a state of distress bordering on poverty, and an effort is being made to obtain a Government grant for them. All who sympathise or can assist in this movement are requested to address themselves to James Cotter Morison, Esq., Clairvaux, 30, FitzJohn's-avenue, Hampstead, N.W.; or to Miss E. H. Hickey, 53, Gayton-road, Hampstead, N.W.

The London School Board are engaged in the erection of a large number of new board schools in different parts of the metropolis, in addition to about 200 which have already been built, which will involve a heavy outlay. Between January in the present year and the close of last week they had entered into contracts for the erection of ten new schools, which are in progress of building; and, in addition to these new structures, they have also contracted for the enlargement of twenty-two existing schools. The new schools include one in St. Leonards-road, the cost of which will be £16,200; another in Sherbrook-road, cost £12,539; Rising-hill-street, £11,317; Kenmont-gardens, Harrow-road, £9,390; Albany-row, Waltham, £7,831; Netley-street, £6,914; Calvert-road, £6,695; Bett-street, Tower Hamlets, £9,990; Fleet-road, £4,946; and Manchester-street, £3,583. The aggregate cost of these several new schools will amount to £89,405, whilst the cost of the twenty-two schools in progress of enlargement will be £34,027.



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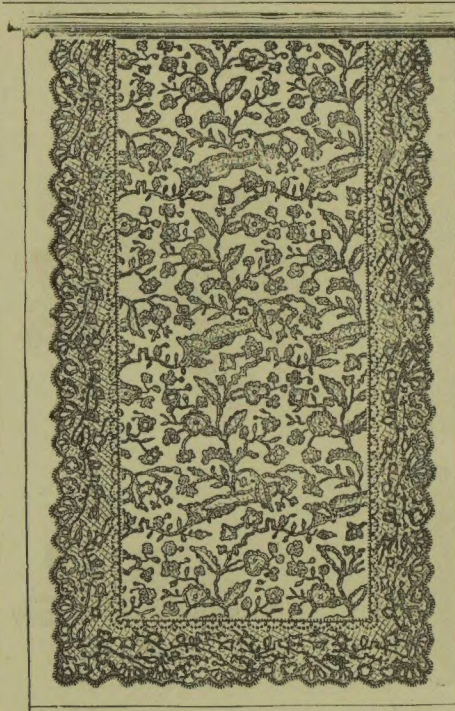
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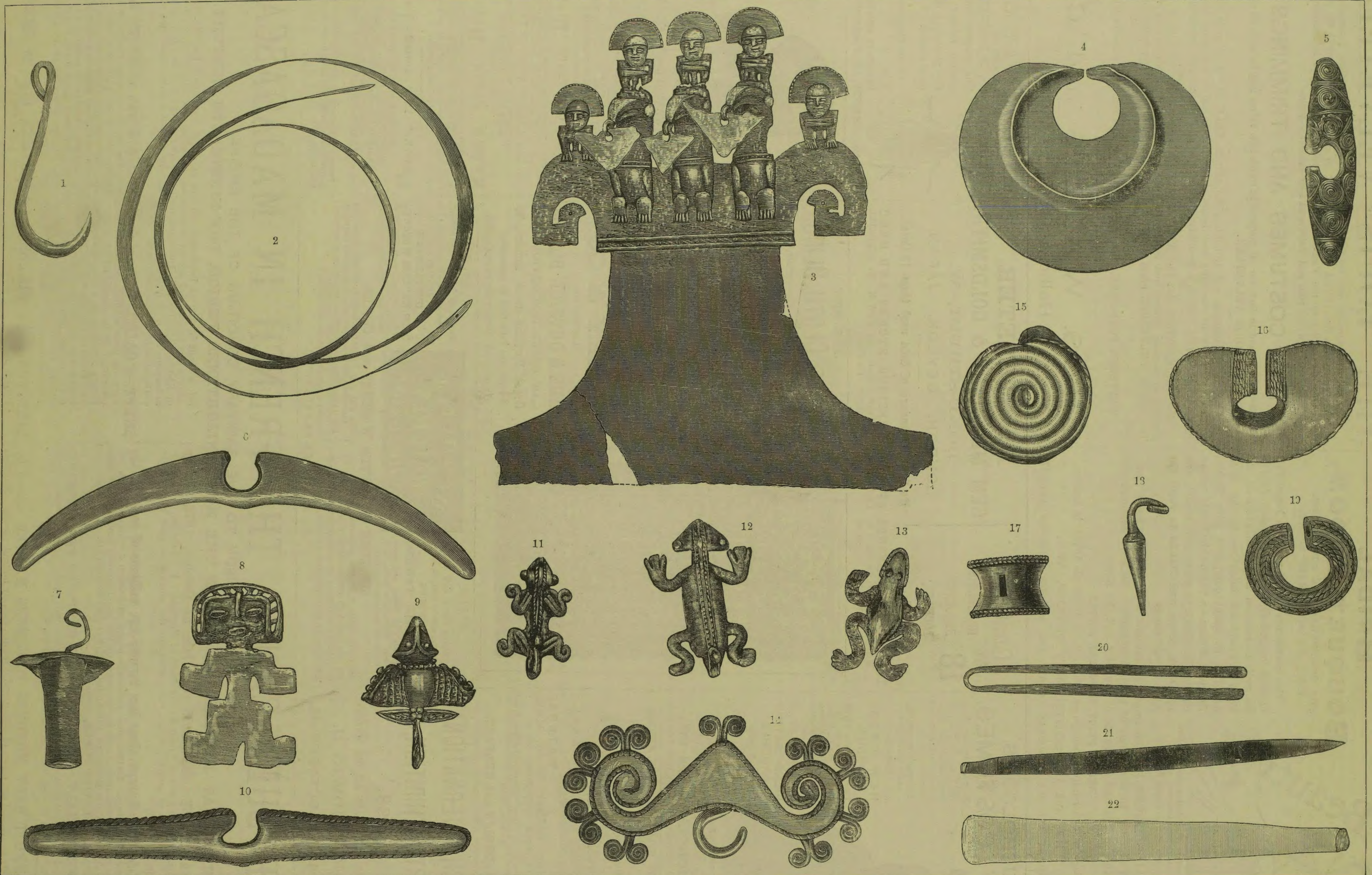
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